

# Catholic Digest



MARCH 1954

***Whose Side  
Is Tito On?***

PAGE 1

COVER: The home in which the Blessed Virgin lived as a child was similar to this simple house in Jerusalem.  
Photo by Father Bernard Hubbard

## ST. PAUL OFFICE

Send subscriptions to this address:  
41 East 8th Street . . . St. Paul 2, Minn.

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"And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4). This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Unfortunately, this does not mean approval of the "entire source," but only of what is herein published.

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# Whose Side Is Tito On?

*His former propagandist presents the evidence of a  
Russo-Yugoslav alliance*

By BOGDAN RADITSA

Condensed from the *Freeman*\*

*Bogdan Raditsa, a diplomat in pre-war Yugoslavia, became foreign-press chief for Marshal Tito at the end of the 2nd World War. In that capacity, he knew intimately the present leaders of Yugoslavia. He quit Tito in 1946 in protest against communist terrorism. He is now living in New York, where he is professor of Modern European History at Fairleigh Dickinson college.*

I WAS determined to confirm or refute a sensational report: was Marshal Tito rejoining the Kremlin? On Aug. 26, 1953, I arrived in Trieste. I had spent two months at the Yugoslavian frontiers, gathering facts and documents, meeting old friends, talking to diplomats and intelligence experts. Trieste was the last stop of a long journey. Here I waited for the two Yugoslavs who would bring me the keys to the puzzle.

In 1948, Joseph Stalin and his chief aide, Andrei Zhdanov, had read Tito out of the world communist movement. Tito turned for help to America, though he still

called himself a communist. Then Stalin died. Georgi Malenkov, Zhdanov's old enemy, became premier. Things changed in Moscow.

It was only natural for me, as a former colleague of Tito's, to wonder how the Yugoslav dictator would react. I soon learned. Last June 14, Russia and Yugoslavia announced that they were resuming diplomatic relations. A few days later, gunboats of the Soviet Danube fleet were traveling through Yugoslavia for the first time in five years. Before the summer was over, all the Balkan satellites had also resumed relations with Tito. Meanwhile, Yugoslav newspapers began to criticize "pro-American influences."

When factory and mine workers in East Germany and Czechoslovakia revolted in June, I watched for Tito's reaction. For a while, Belgrade issued noncommittal, ambiguous statements. Finally, Tito's chief propagandist, Vladimir Dedijer, wrote a long article in the communist organ *Borba*. He said the

\*240 Madison Ave., New York City 16. Jan. 11, 1954. Copyright 1954 by The Freeman Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

uprisings had been "incited" by shady Americans, that they increased the danger of war, and were aimed to restore feudal reactionary classes to power.

When this startling comment appeared, I was making investigations along the Yugoslav frontier. It did not surprise me when Tito received the new Soviet ambassador cordially, or when his central committee sent good wishes to the Russian Communist party on its 50th anniversary. Nor was I surprised when Tito told a British newsman that Red China belonged in the UN and that Yugoslavia would "never" join the Atlantic Pact but desired "normal and even, to a certain extent, friendly relations with the USSR." I no longer doubted that Tito was considering a new alliance with Russia. The real question was: how far had he gone?

The documents that answered that question were brought to me from Belgrade by men whom I know personally; I can vouch for their integrity and sound judgment. The documents are detailed reports of two secret anti-communists who are high in Tito's regime. One of them is a member of the central committee of the Yugoslav Communist party; the other is a prominent official of UDBA, Tito's secret police. Although each report was written independently of the other, the two tally on all essential points. Other sources confirmed many of their details. The authenticity of

both documents has been verified by one of the most respected intelligence services in Europe.

This is the story these documents tell. Tito and Malenkov definitely agreed during July to resume the old Moscow-Belgrade partnership. The frictions which led to the original break are to be eliminated by a joint Yugoslav-Soviet commission. Future political strategy remains to be worked out, but the present plan calls for concealing the new alliance. Under this scheme Tito can make occasional criticisms of Moscow and thus continue receiving American aid. He will serve Malenkov by disrupting the NATO alliance and by independently playing up to non-communist radicals in Europe and Asia.

The initiative for the new alliance came from Tito, but Moscow was quick to respond. About a month after Stalin's death, a Yugoslav diplomat named Josipovic went to Moscow and attempted to offer Tito's proposals to top Soviet leaders. He never got to see the top leaders, but he was carefully interviewed by Soviet diplomats. Malenkov's response soon followed. Early in May, the Soviet military attaché in Albania came to Belgrade. After getting in touch with important Yugoslav generals, he went on to Moscow. Later that month, four specialists in Soviet relations with foreign communist parties came to Belgrade to see Tito's minister of the interior.



Negotiations were stalled for several weeks as the workers' revolts shook the Kremlin. But late in June, after Beria had fallen, Tito made a new report to his politburo on the many feelers that had been put out by him and by the Soviets. The politburo urged pressing the negotiations further.

On July 4, 1953, while Tito was at his summer home near Ljubljana, a special plane arrived there from Belgrade. In the plane, bearing urgent news, was Svetozar Vukmanovic-Tempo, a former Partisan general who now bosses Yugoslavia's economy. His arrival prompted hasty conferences in which the top leaders of the government took part.

Then Vukmanovic left by plane for Moscow. He arrived there on July 8, and spent three days conferring with high Soviet officials. He returned to Ljubljana on July 11.

The leaders of the Yugoslav Communist party and army general staff met immediately to discuss Vukmanovic's report. On July 18, Belgrade lifted all restrictions on Soviet officials in Yugoslavia; the next day, Moscow did the same for Tito's men in Russia. It is quite likely that these announcements signaled the formal assent of both parties to the new secret pact. A few days later, a special Yugoslav delegation of 12 left for Moscow, to work out the details of the new alliance. One delegate was a gen-

eral who participated in top-secret deliberations on Balkan defense with the general staffs of Greece and Turkey.

It is easy to understand why the Kremlin wants Tito back. Yugoslavia, whether an open or concealed ally, represents a priceless strategic asset for communism. Tito can do the most for Malenkov as a secret ally. Through the Balkan pact with Greece and Turkey, his men can give the Kremlin the military blueprints of the West. Posing as an "independent communist" or as an "ultraradical Socialist," Tito has exerted an influence on radicals throughout the world whom the Kremlin could not reach.

Tito's motives in the new deal are a little harder to understand. Why has he decided to risk a seemingly profitable alliance with the West to return to the Kremlin, which treated him so shabbily five years ago? Our informants indicate three major reasons.

1. Malenkov is not Stalin. The strong element of personal rancor in the Moscow-Belgrade break was removed with Stalin's death. (Zhdanov, Tito's other foe, died in 1948.) Malenkov's policy shifts did the rest. As early as May of this year, members of the Yugoslav central committee were informed that Malenkov's policies were considered "new, positive, and constructive."

2. Tito's army prefers Soviet Russia. When the politburo formally

polled the generals on over-all Yugoslav policy, 65% urged a return to Moscow's fold. As a matter of fact, the eagerness of the generals was felt to be a handicap. If Malenkov knew how eager the army was, the party leaders reasoned, he would demand all sorts of internal concessions from Tito's regime.

3. Tito believes the West cannot win. The Yugoslavs regard the stalemate in Korea, the growth of Red China as a military power, the growing disintegration of France and Italy, the ill feeling between Britain and America as signs that the Western world is undergoing a severe crisis.

Tito has little to gain in the long run from his alliance with the West. Should the West come to terms with Malenkov, neither side would be too interested in propping up his regime. Should there be war, Yugoslavia could not long resist the Soviet army, and the West would hardly restore Tito's dictatorship after "liberation." More likely than either of these eventualities, in Tito's eyes, is a steady growth of communist power.

These were the three main reasons for Tito's return to the Kremlin camp. But the signs of the new Moscow-Belgrade alliance were evident in many lesser actions.

1. Scores of Yugoslav communists, who sided with Stalin against

Tito in 1948, have been released from prison and restored to good jobs.

2. Former pro-Stalin Yugoslav leaders, who fled for their lives in 1948, have now returned to Yugoslavia.

3. The anti-Tito school which the Kremlin ran in Budapest for five years was disbanded at the end of June.

4. The flow of anti-Tito propaganda from Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary has ceased.

5. The Yugoslav Communist party has decided to purge some 50,000 members. They are described as "vacillating elements who have succumbed to the influences of the West and nourish illusions toward the capitalist countries."

6. Tito stubbornly refuses to enter NATO or to permit the U.S. to establish bases in Yugoslavia.

By the time Andrei Vishinsky dined with members of the Yugoslav UN delegation in October, the Yugoslav people were convinced that Tito had achieved his goal. The change in the atmosphere of Yugoslavia was apparent to all the discerning Yugoslavs to whom I spoke during my two months' investigation. Every Yugoslav who crossed the border to speak with me had the same comment, for example, on Tito's agitation on Trieste. "It is Moscow's work."

» » « «

**A** BULL may be dumb but he understood the red flag long before the rest of the world did.

Dan Bennett in *Quote*.

# Americans Are Alone in the World

*An Italian writer tells us where the  
decision of peace or war really lies*

By LUIGI BARZINI, JR.

Condensed from the book\*

*Mr. Barzini is an Italian journalist. He was educated in Italy and the U.S., where he studied at the Columbia university School of Journalism, and he spent an apprenticeship on various New York newspapers. Upon his return to Italy in 1930, he became an international correspondent for Corriere della Sera, an Italian daily. He covered most of the important stories of the 30's, including the abdication of Edward VIII and the conquest of Ethiopia. He was aboard the U.S.S. Panay when it was bombed by the Japanese in 1937. An outspoken anti-fascist, Mr. Barzini spent most of the 2nd World War in prison, but immediately returned to newspaper work when the Allies liberated Rome in 1944.*

Americans Are Alone in the World was a best seller in Italy. In it, Mr. Barzini attempts to explain America to his fellow Europeans. He also gives us a picture of what Europeans think of us.

**W**ILL we have war or peace?" was the first question thrown at me the day I landed in New York City. I was to hear it again

and again as I traveled the nation.

I found it embarrassing; for I had come to America to ask Americans the same question.

Americans do not realize that they are alone in the world. They carry peace or war on their lap, and there is nobody who can advise or help them. Many of them cherish the illusion that the common peace is still watched over by the British fleet, the French army, and the counterespionage services of their allies. They ignore the fact that today we in Europe know little and decide nothing.

Peace or war? I tried my best to answer the perennial question. I said "Peace" or I said "War" depending on the person to whom I was talking, my mood, or the day. I demonstrated both conclusions with rigorous argument. For peace, I said that only a balance of forces had in the past preserved peace and that today the balance had been reached. If there is no balance of men and weapons, there is at least

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a balance of fear. For war, I said that never in history had two great rival alliances faced each other without, in the end, fighting a war. Meanwhile, I sought the real answer in America, traveling everywhere, visiting military and cultural establishments, and talking with experts, officials, and traveling companions.

Undoubtedly, the answer is to be found in the mysterious mechanism that determines U.S. political decisions. This mechanism baffles Europeans, who try to reconcile such confusing facts as these: dissolution of the powerful American armed forces after the 2nd World War; distribution of surplus weapons to friends and enemies alike; timidity when confronted with Russian arrogance; boasting about atomic weapons; loss of China through a bewildering about-face; the Truman doctrine; the Marshall plan; and stiff resistance to aggression in Korea. How do you reconcile the strict tariff policy of the U.S. with the earnest work and billions spent to persuade the nations of the world to trade freely?

The main obstacle to a foreigner's understanding of America is the Americans' descriptions of themselves. Their magazines, books, and newspapers abound in oversimplified generalizations. Perhaps these are fashioned to educate Americans of different breed, opinion, color, religion, and social status to a common pattern. A traveler, seeing

them, begins to think he really understands America. Later, he discovers that Americans are not so simple, naïve, and direct as they seem, that no two of them are alike.

The Russians, on the other hand, seem to us much easier to understand. Their aims are frighteningly clear and direct. They will take what they can without fighting. They will fight wherever and whenever they feel sure they will win. Because their aims are crystal clear, the issue of peace or war does not really depend upon them.

The Romans conquered the world with their roads, administrators, and soldiers. The Mongols overran Europe during the Middle Ages because they alone knew how to shoot arrows from galloping horses. The British discovered that whoever dominated the seas could rule the world. The Americans inherited Christendom in 1945 because they can not only design and make wonderful machines, but can reproduce them in great quantity, at great speed, and at low cost. The American mastery of mass production is comparable to Gutenberg's invention of printing. It can change the world. Willingly or not, America has assumed the burden of world leadership.

The *Pax Americana*, the uneasy peace which Harry Truman and Dean Acheson saved for us all and which Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles have inherited, is costly and dangerous. The peace in

which we live is that of wrestlers embraced in a deadly grip, with bulging muscles and bursting veins. The future looks dangerous. Either war will break out, the war really to end all wars, all problems, and all humanity, too, or we must build a more enduring and less costly peace.

Can Americans do the job? They have the power. Have they the necessary virtues? Up to now, wars have burst upon them as emergencies and as exceptions; storms that would calm down. They have always been unprepared, surprised, grieved, indignant, and brave. And they have always won, because they adapted themselves quickly to the emergency.

Can they now as quickly adapt themselves to the permanent war, which has to be prepared, threatened, or fought, cold or hot, every day of their future national life? They tend to rely on their past experiences. They wish to rush into whatever has to be done, do it, and get it over with. Who will tell them that, this time, the flames will never be extinguished and they will never go back to bed?

Europeans would like to know whether Americans are capable of designing a stable political structure for the world, of constructing the American empire. Must they always leave the initiative to the outside world and be prepared only to defend themselves? Must they always learn everything from scratch, al-

ways begin from new foundations?

History does not obey words and hopes but power, which may also be spiritual power, when expressed in the determination to fight if necessary and to fight to win.

Americans are idealistic. We Europeans greatly admire them for this national trait, but we sometimes fear that their idealism is pitifully unrealistic. The British and the Romans considered natives of their colonies as foreigners, incomprehensible and alien, to be controlled, instructed, bettered, or repressed as necessary. They did this by all the means political experience had taught: alliances, prizes, threats, or war.

Nothing ever surprised the British and the Romans. They considered the most desperate or illogical behavior on the part of foreigners only natural.

Americans are surprised at everything. They assume that foreigners would much rather be busy with commerce and industry than with making war. When wars do start, Americans invariably lay the blame on cruel or insane tyrants. That is why Americans make war only to liberate oppressed peoples and why they always demand severe punishment for the enemy leaders at the end.

Americans always say that foreigners are "fundamentally human," which is true enough, but by this Americans mean "created in the image of the American ideal." Amer-

ican diplomats behave like the inexperienced suitor who looks at his love, not as she is, with her weaknesses and defects, but as he imagines her, a noble and immaculate creature. This is a praiseworthy approach to a problem, but scarcely fruitful. Franklin Roosevelt, for instance, saw Mao as an agrarian reformer and Harry Truman saw Stalin as "Uncle Joe."

Able diplomats never show force but are ready to use it at a moment's notice (if they have it). They always leave room for their opponents to yield honorably, saving their dignity. But they never take it for granted that their adversaries are spotless gentlemen. They presume that they are ready to defend their interests by any means, legitimate if possible, and illegitimate if necessary. It is always surprising to Europeans that Americans, who are so very proficient at poker, are so inept at diplomacy. The very same men who can beat us all hollow at the card table seem defenseless at the conference table.

What is wrong is not the American ideals, but the excessive hopes with which Americans accompany their decisions. Americans are always looking for immediate and revolutionary accomplishments. The ideal world is always just around the corner. The clash with reality turns their unreasonable hopes into impatience, then disappointment, and finally to cynicism.

Take their attitude toward Eu-

rope. The Marshall plan was to unite, rearm, strengthen her, and make Europeans happy—all within five years. Then came the disappointment with Britain, France, and Germany, which were all trying to serve their own national interests in spite of America's suggestions. Then came cynicism, the tired sensation that American money and effort was going down the waste pipe. "Operation Rat Hole" it was called.

Americans unreasonably hoped that Stalin, despite his police record, was really a Rotarian in disguise. Since he was not, Americans today regard Russia with only resigned and hopeless cynicism. The same attitude is seen in the dealings in China and Korea.

Europeans are especially confused by American news reports. The Washington dispatches they read in their morning newspapers usually scare them to death. The American scene seems populated with raving maniacs. At least, the maniacs seem to get the bigger headlines, both in Europe and the U.S., because the sane people seldom say such interesting things.

Generals propose dropping atom bombs almost everywhere, or come up with patented plans to win this, that, or the other war, hot or cold, money back if not satisfied. One authority says that the U.S. is ready for anything; that any aggressor will be destroyed in a matter of minutes. Another great authority declares that American cities may

be pulverized without warning. One writer says that there was never enough ammunition in Korea, another declares that U.S. forces shot more than twice the number of shells used in Europe during the 2nd World War. We read that corrupt politicians have squandered billions on useless projects, that State Department officials forget secret documents at cocktail parties. We read that Congress is about to stop all aid to foreign countries and trim the military budget, too.

Most of these confusing dispatches come from American news agencies. They gather the facts, write the stories, and send them all over the world on one of the most rapid systems of communication the world has ever seen. Even the *Voice of America* broadcasts the confusing stories, possibly to show that freedom is not afraid of contradictions.

All this fills us Europeans with apprehension. We wonder whether Americans really know what they are doing or where they are going.

America urgently urges Europe to rearm. The enemy, they say, can cross the border at any minute. Preparations to rearm will last several years. Will this terrible aggressive enemy wait until Europe is rearmed and ready to defend herself? America has no answer.

Americans tell us that we must defend spiritual values against the onslaught of godless materialism, and we agree. But to prove their point, they show us movies of the

American way of life which hardly reflect a triumph of the spirit: huge chromium-plated cars, automatic washing machines, deep freezes, luxurious homes, splendid clothes. Europeans find all this very puzzling.

Europeans simply do not know the U.S.; they do not understand the great American contradiction: the fatal choice between a noble crusade and utter indifference; the refusal to accept the world as it has always been; history as the ancients knew it; human nature as Christ Himself saw it.

Compared with the U.S., where anything can happen at any moment, Russia looks like a familiar monster, a huge, heartless bureaucratic tyranny, whose moves can be reasonably predicted.

From our point of view, three roads seem to be open to the U.S.: 1. war with Russia or China or both, now or in the future; 2. submission to the Kremlin's will; 3. armed patience.

The first road seems the most natural for Americans to choose. It would satisfy deep and ancient urges in the national character. It appeals to their traditional desire to resist all blackmail ("millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute").

The second road, which would just as surely lead to war, appeals to the Americans' perennial search for the earthly paradise in which all men will be brothers and think of



nothing but the production and consumption of vast quantities of goods.

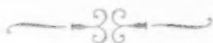
The third road is the only one which can insure peace. Have Americans the moral strength, wisdom, and staying power to follow it? Will Americans come to see that a great power's military budget is a necessary sacrifice, like bank vaults, not built for defense alone, but to deter possible hostile acts? Will they learn that primitive men in great hordes can be dangerous, because they still possess the human resources of courage, initiative, resistance, and resignation that modern men are losing?

At this point in history, our common future depends upon how well Europeans and Americans come to understand each other. The GIs who fought in Korea felt that they were fighting for their country and freedom, one of the conquests of

their forefathers. But they fought also for Plato, Aristotle, Jesus Christ, St. Paul, Marcus Aurelius, the Doctors of the Church, and thousands of others of whom they had never heard. They fought for a tradition that is as European as it is American.

Nothing is lost yet. The Atlantic alliance is still a strong union of nations with a common will and policy. The Soviets bide their time, waiting for the moment, predicted by Stalin, of dissension in the free camp.

An irony governs all human affairs. If Americans become willing to follow the policy of armed patience, of being resigned to the prospect of seeing their cities destroyed in atomic attacks, their youth massacred, their civilians killed—there will be less likelihood of these things ever happening. The real decision of peace or war rests with the U.S.



## The 'Bad Marriage' Dilemma

By request of the Archbishop of Saint Paul, we publish herewith a communication concerning an article that appeared in our January issue under the title, *The 'Bad-Marriage' Dilemma*.

"Gentlemen: In the next issue of the *Catholic Digest* please publish a notice in the same relative prominence as was given to the article under the title of *The 'Bad-Marriage' Dilemma* prohibiting the circulation of the January issue of the *Catholic Digest* within the Archdiocese of St. Paul.

Very sincerely yours,

✠ J. G. Murray, Archbishop of St. Paul."



## Mother=in=Law

*Science takes a look at a familiar family situation*

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Condensed from *This Week*\*

**M**OTHERS-IN-LAW have been tried by a jury of jokesmiths, cartoonists, and street-corner philosophers. They have been found guilty of driving sons-in-law and daughters-in-law to drink, distraction, and despair. Until very recently no scientific attempt has been made to learn the real truth of the case.

Now, for the first time, science has made a careful, unbiased survey to discover what the actual score is. Psychologists and sociologists, with the help of leading universities and research foundations, have conducted wide-scale surveys to find out just how much domestic strife and how many broken marriages mothers-in-law are to blame for, and why. These scientists can now shed

light on how to establish good in-law relationships.

*Are mothers-in-law responsible for broken marriages?*

A study of 7,000 broken marriages, conducted by Dr. John L. Thomas, S.J., of the Catholic university, showed in-laws (principally mothers-in-law) to be the greatest single cause of marital crack-ups during the first year of marriage. After that period, the chances of a marriage being wrecked by in-law interference gradually diminish with each passing year. A marriage that has lasted five years has little chance of being menaced by a mother-in-law, no matter how troublesome she is, and no matter which side of the family she's on.

"In most cases," says Father Thomas, "the kind of in-law trouble that leads to separation makes its appearance soon after the honeymoon." He finds that newlyweds either work out some satisfactory form of in-law relationship very early or the marriage is likely to fail.

*Which mother is the chief offender, the husband's or the wife's?*

Traditionally, it is the wife's mother who is supposed to be the biggest troublemaker. But it turns out that this is not true. In most cases it is the husband's mother who is to blame. Reason: a mother is more likely to be overly posses-

\*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Aug. 2, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

sive of a son than of a daughter.

According to the findings of a leading domestic-relations clinic, "the real difficulty often lies in the daughter-in-law, who is so childishly possessive and hostile that she will have trouble even with a good mother-in-law." Indeed, the evidence indicates that the wife who starts out with a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude toward her husband's mother puts a definite strain on relationships all around. Whenever her husband comes to his mother's defense, a row is likely to ensue.

*What percentage of people have in-law trouble?*

A survey of married couples at Cornell university showed that more than one couple out of three have trouble in this department. Three-fourths of this number get along "fairly well," either by maintaining a kind of armed truce, or by "walking on eggs" when the situation gets too strained. With the rest, the relationship ranged from an endless cold war to open hostilities.

*To what extent are arguments over in-laws responsible for domestic strife?*

To a very great extent, especially among young married couples. A Cornell study of 364 young married couples showed that there was only one subject that the young couples argued about more, and that was money.

*Couples are frequently advised: "Don't live with your mother-in-law." Do science's latest findings justify this counsel?*

They do, very emphatically. Leading authorities, ranging from divorce-court judges to top sociologists and psychologists, strongly agree on this point. It can be done, but unless you're a very special type of person, the chances are that the arrangement won't work out happily.

"Don't," advises Duke university's noted sociologist Hornell Hart, "live with or even in the same neighborhood as your relatives or in-laws, and do not allow them to live with you." Dr. Hart admits that in some cases living with relatives may seem unavoidable. But he emphasizes the point that "almost always there is some other possible solution. And your marriage success may depend upon finding it."

After an exhaustive study of marital problems, Loyola university's Father Edwin F. Healy, S.J., advises newlyweds to establish their home at some distance from that of in-laws. The reason is simply that if they are not interfered with by others, they can much more easily adapt themselves to the new life.

*Can you tell if a couple are on good terms with their in-laws?*

Yes. Studies conducted at a leading university show that an inti-

mate title of address such as "Mother" and "Dad" almost always goes hand in hand with a harmonious in-law relationship. But if you address your in-laws as "Mr." and "Mrs." this indicates that the relationship is not what it might be. The same thing applies if you use the direct address (merely looking at the person and speaking).

*How do most persons address their in-laws?*

Just what to call a spouse's mother and father presents something of a problem for a great many people. Some evade the issue completely by not calling them anything, but using direct address. Others hit it off so well at first meeting that they are on a first-name or mom and dad basis right from the start. To find out how it is with most people, the American Institute of Family Relations made a survey of 1,600 married couples in various parts of the U.S. Here is what they found out.

The biggest percentage call their in-laws "Father" and "Mother"; somewhat fewer call them by their first names; the next largest percentage address them formally as "Mrs. Jones" or "Mr. Smith"; "Grandma" and "Grandpa" rank next in prevalence; most of the rest use direct address; a limited few (2%) call their in-laws by pet names.

The survey also showed that persons who are a bit in awe of their

in-laws often start out with "Mr." and "Mrs.," and gradually progress to "Father" and "Mother." Says the institute's director, "I think young people will help to improve the situation if they take the plunge from the very beginning, use the terms 'Mother' and 'Father,' and let their actions conform."

*What are the secrets of a happy and harmonious in-law relationship?*

Scientific studies reveal quite a number of things entering into the picture. At Cornell university's College of Home Economics, Prof. Peggy Marcus made a study of college students who had been married one year or more. The survey, which was conducted through a confidential questionnaire, showed that the following factors are most significantly related to good in-law adjustment.

1. Parents' approval of the couple's marriage. Without this, a good relationship is difficult to achieve.

2. Meeting the wife's (or husband's) family before marriage. Couples who met their in-laws before marrying got along with them far better than those who did not. And those who got along best met them before they even became engaged.

3. Friendliness of his and her parents toward each other. The better the two families "hit it off" the less in-law trouble is likely to result. But if the bride and groom's

parents don't take to one another, stormy weather may be ahead.

4. Happy marriage of parents, on both sides. The investigation showed a very strong relationship between good in-law adjustment and happily married parents. One reason for this, as Professor Marcus points out, is that "if parents are happily married, they have less need for overattachment to the children, and are more willing to let them lead their own lives."

5. The couple live by themselves. This was found to be a must.

6. That marriage partners be of a similar religious faith. The greater the conflict here, the more pronounced is in-law friction likely to be.

7. How happy the relationship is between the couple's children and the grandparents. Where children got along well with grandparents, and affection was mutual, an excellent in-law relationship was usually found. Where grandparents displayed lack of interest, or found the children annoying, in-law adjustment was always bad.

*Is a husband's education a factor in how well he gets along with his mother-in-law?*

Yes. If he has less education than his wife, the Cornell study showed, his mother-in-law is likely to feel that her daughter married "beneath her." Far better in-law relationships were found where the husband's educational background was as

good as, or better than, the wife's.

*Can you usually tell when you first meet your in-laws whether you are going to get along well with them or not?*

Yes. If you take an instant liking (or dislike) to your in-laws, you are likely to continue to feel this way about them. Likes and dislikes in the in-law department are almost always mutual, and formed very early in the relationship. In the Cornell study, married couples were asked, "What did you or your husband do to make adjustment with your parental families?" Those who enjoyed a good in-law relationship stated that none was necessary.

*How does a meddlesome mother-in-law get that way?*

Usually, sociologists find, her life has been so completely centered around her children that when they marry she suddenly finds herself with nothing to fill the void left by the children. Naturally, she struggles to maintain the old mother-offspring relationship. Also, years of planning for her children, and guiding and protecting them, have built up a mental-habit pattern that she finds extremely difficult to break. She can't bring herself to completely let go the reins of supervision. This would be far easier if she had outside-the-home interests into which she could channel her energies.

*Should women prepare in advance for the time when they will become mothers-in-law?*

Yes. The wise woman will cultivate absorbing outside interests to occupy her when her children marry. Otherwise, she probably will find the transition extremely difficult. Also, she will do her best to keep the following rules.

1. Maintain a hands-off policy, and let the couple lead their own

lives; 2. try to restrain herself from giving unasked-for advice; 3. under no circumstances give out with the "I-told-you-so" routine; 4. remember that though adjusting to her new role may be difficult, her children are also faced with the problem of adjusting to a new status.

Marriage is always a matter they can best work out without interference.



### *If You Think Taxes Are Tough Today*

FRESH AIR and sunlight were taxed in 17th-century England. The government collected from all households with six or more windows. This burdensome window tax wasn't repealed until 1851.

In those days it even cost money to boast of your ancestry for there was an annual tax of two pounds, two shillings on family crests and coats of arms. The Puritans paid a weekly meal tax, giving up the price of one meal every seven days to Oliver Cromwell.

Until 1879, every man, woman, and child in France was subject to the *gabelle*—a tax requiring them to purchase seven pounds of salt a year whether they needed it or not.

The Romans apparently didn't think of that one, but there was a Roman tax on dying, enforced by prohibition of burial for nonpayment. The Emperor Constantius taxed his subjects also for the privilege of giving him presents.

In his attempts to westernize Russia, Peter the Great taxed all men who wore beards. Barbers, stationed at the gates of Moscow, enforced the tax by shaving all nonpayers. The Russians also paid taxes on marriages, funerals, horse collars, leather boots, hats, beds, milk, baths, kitchen chimneys, and cucumbers.

One of the strangest taxes in history was levied in 18th-century Turkey. After a pasha had visited and dined with a peasant family, he would demand his "tooth money," a tax to compensate him for wear and tear on his teeth.

William E. Miles,

# Is the Church Too Concerned About Money?

*The 28th of a series on the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey  
of religion in the U.S.*

IS THE CHURCH too much concerned with money? You often hear it said that it is. The charge is a favorite of the enemies of religion. Both by accusation and innuendo, they try to popularize the idea that churches exist chiefly for the benefit of the clergy. To many other people, money and religion seem somehow incompatible. Didn't Christ say, "My kingdom is not of this world"?

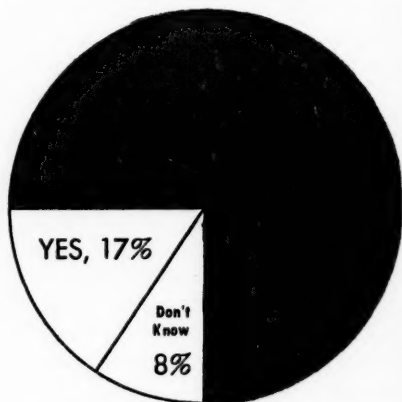
Yet, nearly 76 million adult Americans belong to some church: Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or other. How do they feel about it?

To find out, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked these Americans this question: "Do you think your local church is too much concerned with money matters, or not?"

To weigh properly the answers that follow, certain facts should be kept in mind. First, the question was addressed only to the 76 million adult Americans who are formal members of a church. Most previous CATHOLIC DIGEST survey reports have been based on the opinions of the 104 million adult Americans who prefer the teachings of the Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or other faiths without nec-

essarily holding formal membership in any of them. Secondly, the question was related specifically to the local church to which they belonged. The survey's investigators did *not* ask: "Do you think that clergymen in general are too much concerned over money matters?" And although confined to the immediate experience of the church member, the question goes beyond the fund-raising activities of the clergymen themselves and includes similar activities on the part of auxiliary church organizations, such as

**Is the Church Too Much Concerned About Money? Americans Say:**



The circle represents the 76 million adult Americans who belong to some church—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or other.



clubs, sodalities, and study groups.

The overwhelming majority of churchgoing Americans, 75% of them, assert very positively that their local church is not overly concerned with money matters. Nevertheless, 17% did think their church was too much concerned, and 8% were uncertain.

However, when the 17% who thought that their church was too much concerned about money were questioned further, they gave some extremely significant answers. A trifling 1% (of the total church members) complained that their clergyman was extravagant in managing church funds or in his personal spending. Only 2% charged that their church showed more interest in money than in spiritual matters. The most common complaint (6%) was that the church or the clergyman "is always asking for money." Possibly these people might gain some relief by donating more generously in the future, thereby making it unnecessary for their clergyman to be perpetually bringing the matter up.

Some 2% said they were irritated because "there's always a project that keeps the church in debt." (Heads of a related institution, the family, frequently encounter the same problem.) And 1% said there were too many collections; they felt that these interfered with the religious services.

A scant 1% asserted that they were annoyed because their clergy-

man's requests worked a hardship on the poor. All other adverse comments on the subject totaled 4%.

Catholics were well below the national average in complaining about their church's attitude toward money, yet 11% of the 20.6 million of them who are formally enrolled in a parish thought that their church was too much concerned with financial matters, and 8% were not sure. However, the vast majority, 81%, didn't think their church bothered too much about money.

Protestants were definitely more inclined to think that their church was overly concerned with money, with 19% holding this view and 7% uncertain on the point. Since there are 53.3 million Protestants formally enrolled in a church, this means that 10,127,000 Protestants think their church is too much concerned with money. This figure represents a formidable segment of American opinion; one that church leaders cannot dismiss lightly. However, nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  (74%) of Protestant church members stated definitely that they did not feel that their local church was unduly concerned with money.

Of the different Protestant denominations, the Methodists showed the highest percentage of dissatisfaction, with 25% of them asserting that their church was too much concerned with money. Yet, 66% felt not, and 9% avoided taking any position. Possibly the very

doctrines of Methodism, which stress particularly the otherworldliness of Christ's kingdom, account for the attitude of Methodists on this point.

The smallest percentage of Protestant dissatisfaction was registered by the Congregationalists; only 13% of this denomination thought that their church was too much concerned with fiscal matters; 77% thought not, and 10% weren't sure. Episcopalians took much the same view; 14% were dissatisfied, but 84% were certain their church was not too much concerned about money, and only 1% couldn't make up their minds.

Of all three great American religious groups, the Jews showed the least dissatisfaction. Only 10% of them said their church was too much concerned with money, 82% said positively not, and 8% were unable to make up their minds.

Men and women showed little difference of opinion: 17% of the men and 16% of the women said that their church is too much concerned with money.

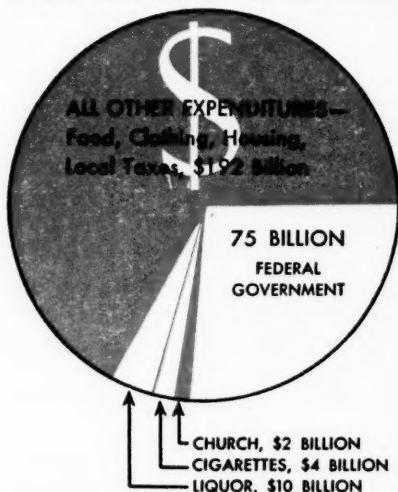
Negroes, however, differed sharply from white people on the issue; 25% of the negroes felt that their church was too much concerned about money, against 16% of the white people who felt this way.

Age seems definitely to affect opinions. Generally speaking, the younger a person is, the more is he likely to feel that his church is too much concerned with money,

except that people over 65 were much more likely to take this view than persons between the ages of 55 and 64. The range is from 19% for those aged 18-24 to 13% for those aged 55-64. The figure goes back to 16% for those of 65 and older.

The more education a person has, the more is he likely to be dissatisfied with his church's attitude toward money. Only 14% of those with grade-school education thought that their church was too much concerned about money, whereas 20% of the college graduates took this position. The college graduates were also more certain, with only 7% undecided on the question as against 9% of those who had finished only grade school.

**How Much of Their Income (\$283 Billion in 1952) Do Americans Give to Their Church?**



A parallel can be seen when the percentages are broken down according to occupation. Some 20% of the professional group—doctors, lawyers, teachers—thought that their church is too much concerned with money, whereas only 10% of the unclassified workers took this view. It is significant that the proprietors and managers, who are presumably well acquainted with the financial facts of life, showed the next lowest percentage, 14%, well below the national average. It is worth noting, too, that the well-to-do and the poor are less likely to be dissatisfied with their church's concern for money (15% each) than are the people in the middle-income group (18%). Many writers have observed that extremes of either wealth or poverty make a man less concerned with money matters. Although this view is debatable, it may account for the fact that these groups were less inclined to think that their church was too much concerned with money. Being less concerned with money themselves, they were less likely to attribute such concern to their clergyman.

Generally speaking, the smaller the community in which a man lives, the more is he likely to feel that his church is overly concerned with money matters, except that those living in cities of over 1 million were more dissatisfied on this point than those living in cities of 100,000 to 1 million. This seems log-

ical enough, since the financial burdens of the church tend to be more evenly divided in large communities than in small. Even so, the range is not great, going from 20% for those who live in rural communities to 13% for those who live in cities of moderate size.

Dividing the answers by geographical area, we see that the strong religious tradition of New England\* is, as usual, clearly evident. Only 9% of the church members of this area felt that their church was too much concerned about money, and 81% thought not. Some 10% had no opinion. The highest percentage of dissatisfaction was registered by the church members of the East South Central† states; 22% of them thought that their church bothered too much about money. The West South Central‡ ranked next highest in dissatisfaction, with 20% holding this view. Probably the attitude of the colored population is reflected in this figure, as well as that of the Methodists, many of whom live in the South.

Considering all the figures, it is apparent that by far the great majority of Americans refuse to be alarmed about their church's attitude toward money.

How well do they contribute? The total sum of money given for church purposes each year by Cath-

\*Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island.

†Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi.

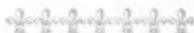
‡Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas.

olics, Jews, and the approximately 250 different Protestant communions in the U.S. can only be estimated. The National Council of Churches places the figure for all faiths—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—at something over \$2 billion for 1952.

At first glance, this figure seems impressive. It represents, by any standards, a large sum of money. Yet, the favorable impression of American generosity it creates is quickly dissipated by another figure

supplied by the New York *Times* for June 26, 1953. The *Times* reports that during the same period (1952) Americans spent some \$9,570,000,000 for beer, wine, and distilled liquors. And they spent \$4,081,000,000 for cigarettes that year. For the fiscal period 1952-1953 the total budget of the U.S. government was \$74,607,000,000. The total national income for 1952 was about \$283 billion.

For Americans, certainly, Christ's kingdom "is not of this world."



### *Patrick's Pence*

A coin bearing the image of St. Patrick was once legal tender in America. Back in 1690, there was a coin shortage in the Colonies, which were forbidden to mint their own money. The New Jersey Assembly authorized the circulation of a lot of



Irish copper coins. The farthing showed St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland. On the reverse side was King David playing a harp. The inscriptions read, in Latin, "May the King prosper," and "May the People be quiet."

*Notes of Interest* (March '53).



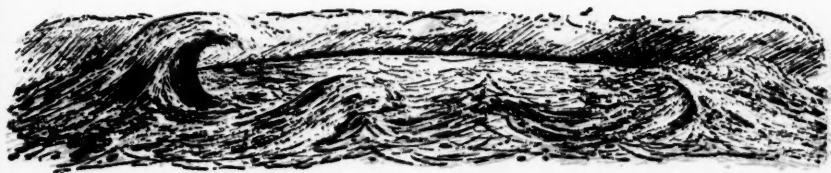
### *No Irish Need Apply*

Back about 1906, a young Donegal girl named Mary Cunningham emigrated to New York. She got a job waiting on table in the home of the famous American sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens.

Mary was serving a meal one day when she dropped a dish. St. Gaudens was so pleased at the expression on her face at that moment, that he decided she would be the model for a new coin he was designing for the U. S.

Mary Cunningham's profile soon appeared on the pennies and the gold \$5 and \$10 coins of the time, but a first-class row arose when various "Nativist" societies protested that it was outrageous for a foreigner's face to appear upon American coins. They eventually had to be withdrawn, and they are very rare today.

*Irish Digest* (June '53).



# Mystery of the Waters of Earth

*Our lives all depend on the freakish behavior of the commonest substance in the world*

By WEBB B. GARRISON

Condensed from the *Marianist*\*

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST air conditioner is not modern. It is as old as the earth, whose ocean beds it fills. Ages ago, God designed a fantastic but very common substance, water, to make the planet Earth a place temperate enough for life to exist.

The temperatures of our universe range from hundreds of degrees below zero to millions above. The sun throws off heat at temperatures far above that of the interior of an H-bomb blast. That is enough to bring the surface temperature of the earth's nearest neighbor, the moon, to about  $250^{\circ}$  at noon. But when night falls and the heat-bringing rays no longer reach the moon's surface, its temperature falls to  $-240^{\circ}$ . Astronomers estimate that when the sun's heat is cut off by an eclipse, the moon's temperature falls as much as  $4^{\circ}$  a minute.

People often complain when freak weather causes the summer high to be a trifling  $100^{\circ}$  above the winter low. Yet, no spot on earth changes as much in a year as the moon can change in an hour. There is no body known to the astronomer that even approaches the earth in the narrow range of its temperature change.

How are our days sheltered so that we do not burn? How are our nights warmed so that we do not freeze? Why do summer and winter vary so little on this most favored of planets?

The key to the global temperature-control system is water, with its unique air-conditioning properties. Even if water were not an unusual substance, it would be significant to us in terms of volume. More than 70 of each 100 parts of the earth's surface are covered with water. If the earth were a

\*300 College Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. February, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

perfect sphere, with no mountains nor valleys, no land at all would be visible. Water would cover the earth to a depth of about a mile and a half.

The first of water's unusual properties is its ability to absorb heat. Water absorbs 33 times as much heat as lead, 3,000 times as much as air. Only liquid ammonia and the rare metal lithium match it in ability to store heat, and, of course, they are not as common.

Our temperature-control system now has enormous quantities of a special substance with great capacity to store heat. For it to function, all we need now is a method which can store the heat where it is abundant and transmit it to where it is scarce.

That is precisely what is taking place in the oceans all the time. Cold water is heavier than warm. So the polar seas are continuously pressing toward the equator, pushing the warm water aside. Vast tides are set in motion by the earth's rotation and the moon's constant tug. Heavy winds whip the surface to complicate matters still more. As a result of all these forces, great ocean currents flow ceaselessly. Masses of water transport heat and distribute it fairly evenly over the planet.

The Gulf Stream is the best known of these strange "rivers in the sea." After absorbing heat from the tropical sun, it pours out of the straits of Florida and up

into the Atlantic toward Newfoundland. There it turns east, crosses the ocean, and eventually reaches Britain. All along its journey it is releasing heat. Because of its double action in absorbing and giving up heat, the West Indies are cooler and the North Atlantic warmer than they would otherwise be. Experts estimate that the Gulf Stream alone moves as much heat every day as would be furnished by burning all the coal mined in the world during an entire year. Some masses of warm water hold their heat for 18 months, while flowing as much as 7,000 miles.

Currents are only one way in which the oceans moderate weather. The great water masses stabilize temperature too. More than 80% of all water is a mile or more below the surface, where the sun's rays do not penetrate. These black regions are an inexhaustible reservoir. Heat can be poured in or withdrawn when temperatures change on the surface. Surface changes of tremendous size, which might wipe out life as we know it, can be reduced to mildness by an adjustment of 1° in the temperature of the ocean depths.

That is why more than half of all the earth's surface water remains above 60°. At points remote from land, daily surface temperature varies only about 1°; a range of only 10° between summer and winter is not unusual.



Not all water is in the sea. A small fraction of 1% floats in the earth's atmosphere. And even as vapor, water preserves its unique ability to hold heat. It not only absorbs great quantities of heat; it also has a little-understood ability to intercept short-wave radiation from the sun.

The vapor acts as insulation. During the day, it shields us from the direct rays of the sun; at night it reflects back to earth surface heat that would otherwise be lost by radiation. Some scientists estimate that water in the air reduces temperature extremes on the earth's surface by as much as 120°. Without this blanket, hot days on land would be much more torrid, and cold nights a great deal more frigid.

Warm masses of vapor-laden air act just as the ocean currents: they carry heat to colder regions. Dry winds have little effect on temperature, for air itself, without water, has little heat-storage capacity. Fortunately, little air is actually dry. A moderate breeze blowing over one square mile of water is likely to pick up as much as 5,000 tons of vapor in a single hour.

Water has still another temperature-moderating property. It exists in three different forms, solid (ice), liquid (water), and gas (vapor or steam). Great quantities of heat are involved in the transition from one state to another. Ice absorbs

heat in melting. So does water, when it becomes vapor or steam. Vapor gives up heat in condensing into water, and water gives up heat when it freezes.

Vast sheets of ice at the North and South Poles help to moderate the earth's temperature. Excess heat in the summer is absorbed by melting ice. In the winter, as water turns to ice, it gives up the heat, and the winter becomes a little warmer.

Another transformation is the process of evaporation and condensation. When heat is added to water at the boiling point, steam is produced. When the temperature is lowered, the steam condenses back to water and releases the heat it gained earlier. Discovery of this cycle, and how to use it, led, among other things, to the steam radiator.

At ordinary temperatures, water does not form steam. But it does form vapor; later this vapor condenses as rain. This change may not be as spectacular as those in a radiator system, but they both have the same effect. When water becomes vapor, it absorbs heat. Clouds of warm vapor, swept to a cooler region, condense into rain and release the heat gained earlier.

Scientists have studied water intensively. Under the auspices of the National Bureau of Standards, physicist N. Ernest Dorsey compiled, in 1940, a 700-page volume of statistics about "ordinary water



substance." His most significant conclusion was not stated but implied: the more man learns about water, the more unsolved mysteries he uncovers.

Most liquids expand when heated, contract when cooled. So does water—up to a point. At 39.2° it exhibits a weird phenomenon shown by no other common substance. Regardless of whether it is heated or cooled, it expands. This freak characteristic has tremendous consequences.

If water were like typical liquids, its density would increase in changing to the solid state. Ice would be heavier than water; it would sink to the bottom, leaving the top of the water free to form more ice. This process would turn streams and lakes, even oceans, into solid blocks of ice. It would kill all life in the sea. But because of the 39.2° phenomenon, ice is lighter than water. It floats on the surface and forms a protective shield tending to prevent more freezing.

Other strange qualities abound. Increase in pressure causes the melting point of most solids to rise; that of ice drops. Application of heat to typical liquids reduces

the speed with which sound is transmitted; up to 160°, water's rate of transmission rises with the temperature. And pure water defies all laws by acting as both an acid and an antacid in chemistry.

Water is an exception to all known physical laws which govern freezing and boiling points. Its heavier constituent, oxygen, melts at -360° and boils at -297°. Hydrogen is liquid at -434° and becomes a gas at -297°. Water, as a combination of the two, should boil well below room temperature. And it ought to refuse to freeze even after the mercury in the thermometer has become a solid mass. But it doesn't. Its strange melting and boiling points make it just right to hold climate to a suitable level for human life.

Why do two gases combine to form earth's only natural inorganic compound that is a liquid at ordinary temperatures? Why is their product, so abundant and yet so mysterious, made according to a special pattern? Science offers no answers. Only religion dares assert that the freakish behavior of water is a witness to the scrupulous care with which God plans life's smallest details.



**I** DON'T THINK that we explain things very well to non-Catholics. My Protestant boss came into the office one morning and asked in all seriousness, "What is this special leap year you Catholics are having? I heard on the radio that 1954 has been proclaimed a marryin' year."

Anne Corey.

# Some Hymns Are Awful

*The severest critic of all was a Pope*

By PAUL HUME

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

Paul Hume is music critic for the *Washington Post*. He achieved national prominence with his frank criticism of Margaret Truman's singing.

**I** ONCE WROTE a newspaper piece on Church music which was reprinted by an esteemed journal of the liturgy. But in reproducing it, the journal offered the information and/or warning to its readers that my overemphasis on the importance of hymns was the result of a Protestant background. I've got news for you, *Caecilia*. My concern with hymns is the fact that people sing them. In church, too! Some of them are wonderful. Some are awful.

When I speak of bad hymns I mean such items as *Mother Dear, O Pray for Me; Like a Strong and Raging Fire; Mother at Thy Feet Is Kneeling; Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All; O Mary Conceived With-*

*out Sin; O Mary, We Crown Thee With Blossoms Today*; the more recent *We Love the Family Rosary*, and others of this ilk.

Why are they bad hymns?

Because they are not good music. Let's come back to that matter a few hundred words from now. There is a point which I would like to get off my mind immediately, since it inevitably comes up whenever this subject is discussed in public. I quote it in composite agglomeration. "What right have you to say that *O Mary, Conceived Without Sin*, or *O What Could My Jesus Do More*, or *Oh Mother, I Could Weep for Mirth*, aren't good hymns, when so many people love them and love to sing them? After all, if they arouse devotion, then they are pleasing to God. And whether they're good or bad music is a matter of personal taste, anyway."

This is a common



\*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. December, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

and well-intentioned misconception. It springs from the even more widespread misconception that there is no such thing as objectively good or bad music: one man's Stravinsky is another man's strychnine, and anyone has the right to love or loathe any piece of music he chooses.

But there is an irreducible minimum, often purely on the basis of construction, beyond which a piece of music cannot fall and still be taken seriously. People often deny this because they don't understand it. But a trained musician can look at a piece of music on paper, having never heard a note of it, and tell you whether it is good, bad, indifferent, or merely impossible.

Bad music is like sin. Denying its existence doesn't really help. There is such a thing as bad music. It is infinitely regrettable that so much of it was written for use in church.

Now, no one in his right mind could deny that God is pleased by expressions of devotion, no matter how imperfect they may be. But to argue that this justifies the use of poor music "because it makes people feel good" is to misunderstand the role of music in the service of the Church. Blessed Pius X, as usual, puts it better than anyone else. "Sacred music," he wrote in the *Motu Proprio*, "should consequently possess, in the highest degree, sanctity and goodness of form, which will spontaneously produce

the final quality of universality. It must be holy and it must be true art, for otherwise it will be impossible for it to exercise on the minds of those who listen to it that efficacy which the Church aims at obtaining in admitting into her liturgy the art of musical sounds."

I am frequently told, "Oh, but he's talking about the liturgy, and you're talking about hymns. Hymns are used at nonliturgical services like novenas and May processions and Sunday-night Benediction, so the *Motu Proprio* doesn't apply."

This bit of "free interpretation" must have been adopted the day after the encyclical was published, because a special decree had to be issued clearing it up. "We wish to correct the idea current among some people," the appropriate Cardinal wrote, "that at nonliturgical functions, or extralitururgical functions, a style of music may be rendered which has been condemned for use at liturgical functions. Music of this character is condemned for use in church for any and every occasion. Nobility and seriousness of style must characterize all music to be performed in holy places."

Let's see, now, what all the fuss is really about. Music has in it three elements: melody, harmony, and rhythm.

Take melody: too much leaping about, too many wide, swoop-making intervals, make a hymn melody

not only unbeautiful but also tricky to sing. You're never quite sure where the next note is coming from. Hum over *Brings Flowers of the Fairest, Bring Flowers of the Rarest* or *To Jesus' Heart All Burning* and you'll get the idea.

It is characteristic of great hymns that they move up or down chiefly just one step of the scale at a time. The greatest examples of this are the chant melodies to such hymns as *Adoro Te Devote, Pange Lingua*, and *Salve Mater Misericordiae*.

Some people recoil from the mere mention of chant. Their antipathy usually boils down to the fact that the only chant they have ever heard is a rousing rendition of Mass Eight, sung by a choir with a wobbly soprano and bleating bass. It is easy enough to say, "The chant hymns are among the most beautiful music in the world, aesthetically as well as liturgically." Not until you have actually heard and sung those perfectly shaped, exquisitely simple phrases will you really know why.

Even more important is the question of harmony. Most unacceptable hymns suffer from too much of what we call "chromatic progression." Example is more effective than words in explaining a term like "chromatic progression." Listen to a barbershop quartet singing *Sweet Adeline*. The chromatic scale is the bulwark on which Barbershop is built. Harmony which is

identified so completely with this type of sentimental song making just doesn't belong in sacred music. "Secular connotation" is the official way of putting it.

This problem of hymn harmony is often one of simple chronology. Many of the hymns which are most popular today were written during an era which in the secular field produced *Silver Threads Among the Gold* and *The Vacant Chair* (both actually used as hymn settings), *She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage*, *My Mother Was a Lady*, and *The Bird on Nellie's Hat*. Beatrice Kay has grown rich by reviving these quaint old novelties which we think of as "Gay '90 songs." Why pay money for Beatrice Kay records when you can hear the identical species—same harmony, same melodic line, same bouncy-waltzy rhythm—down at novena this Friday night?

Outlawing the average hymn card from polite liturgical society is all very well, but what do we use instead? Where does an organist who is not a thoroughly trained musician (and few parish organists are) look for better material? A Washington jewelry store quite reasonably advertises, "If you don't know diamonds, know your jeweler!" It works in other businesses too.

If you don't know good hymns, know your hymnal. Unfortunately, too many organists operate out of hymnals which are printed monu-

ments to what Church music should not be. Take St. Basil's—on second thought, don't take St. Basil's. Gather up all the copies of St. Basil's (just reprinted) you have and donate them to the used-paper drive. If the publishers of this little horror wish to sue me, they will have to sue me jointly with the St. Gregory Society of America, whose *Whitelist* (also just reprinted) specifically blackballs it, along with other items such as *The Catholic Choir Book*, *The Chapel Hymn Book*, *Peter's Sodality Hymn Book*, and one called *Wreath of Mary*.

St. Gregory's is one of the most popular hymnals. Used with discretion, it can be adequate to most parish needs. It suffers largely from poor harmonization and from the inclusion of a few too many less-than-great hymns written by its editor.

Using nothing but St. Gregory's, however, one can easily come up with a good hymn for every occasion. Rosary or Miraculous Medal novena? One could hardly address the Blessed Mother more fittingly than with the *Concordi Laetitia* (197) or *Salve Mater Misericordiae* (209). Numerals refer to hymn numbers in St. Gregory's, 1920 edition. In English, the popular *Hail, Holy Queen Enthroned Above* (83) and *O Most Holy One* (88) are good hymns.

Holy Hour and Benediction require a number of hymns appro-

priate to the Blessed Sacrament, for example the chant *Adoro Te Devote*, and the necessary last two verses of the *Pange Lingua*, the *Tantum Ergo*. One of the most beautiful hymns of all is available in St. Gregory's, *O Esca Viatorium* (228-a). This is a 15th-century melody harmonized by no less an arranger than J. S. Bach. There is an excellent *O Salutaris Hostia* by Webbe (226-a) which will be most effective if you simply ignore the "hold" marks which have been put over the last word of each line in the poem. More? Look up the *Hail, True Body*, by Kloss (51) and the wonderful M. Haydn *All Glory, Laud, and Honor*, (26), *O God of Loveliness* (38), and the Hassler-Bach *O Sacred Head Surrounded* (22), one of the most perfect hymns ever written.

Catholic choir directors were recently blessed with a publication which should, if given the chance, remove forever the guesswork from hymn singing. Can you imagine a hymnal in which every single entry is completely acceptable on all grounds, musical and liturgical? I am not in the pay of the publisher when I urge every organist in the country to rush out and buy the new *Pius X Hymnal*, edited by the staff of Pius X School of Liturgical Music of Manhattanville college. This is a great collection, from the earliest Ambrosian chant to music written as late as 1952.

The real hope of Church music

lies in the Catholic schools, and in this province you can and should make your influence felt. What kind of music is your child learning to sing? Don't assume that because the school is good that all is automatically well with the music.

A parish I know and love above all others has one of the finest schools in the city, staffed by one of the best teaching Orders of nuns in the whole Church. The 8:30 Mass on first Fridays is a revelation! I kept score one day. Of eight hymns sung, six were in a bouncy waltz rhythm which the kiddies, bless 'em, made no attempt to disguise.

One, oddly enough, the only Latin hymn sung, was an incredible setting of the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. It could just as easily have been the second act finale of a third-rate Italian opera. Many a soprano-contralto team has brought the house down with exactly those ascending thirds in dotted eighth notes.

Why does this sort of thing happen in Catholic schools? It's the same old story every time. No one gives what he hasn't got. No one can or should be expected to train children in sacred music without a little specialist training. Perhaps the superior of your school does not know how easily available such training is and how little technical background is required.

Children love the music they grow up with. If every Catholic school refurbished its music teaching as of this semester, within 20 years the problems of today would be historical curiosities.

Do I hear a voice somewhere muttering, "Oh, you converts make me sick! You got one foot in the door and right away you start complaining and trying to change things!" It is true that converts do have that reputation, and perhaps some of it is justified. This makes me particularly glad to have on hand something that was once said by an old born and raised Catholic. It probably sums it up as well as anything could. "We consider it Our first duty to raise Our voice at once in reproof and condemnation of all that is seen to be out of harmony with the right rule above indicated [on proper Church music] in the functions of public worship. It is vain to hope that the blessing of heaven will descend abundantly upon us when our homage to the Most High, instead of ascending in the odor of sweetness, puts into the hand of the Lord the scourges wherewith of old the divine Redeemer drove the unworthy profaners from the Temple."

Pretty strong language for a man who will soon be known as St. Pius X.

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**WHEN** things go wrong, don't go with them.

Pittsburgh *Gazette*.

# Let the Stars Get In Your Eyes

*You can do it  
with a home-made telescope*

By HARRY D. WOHL

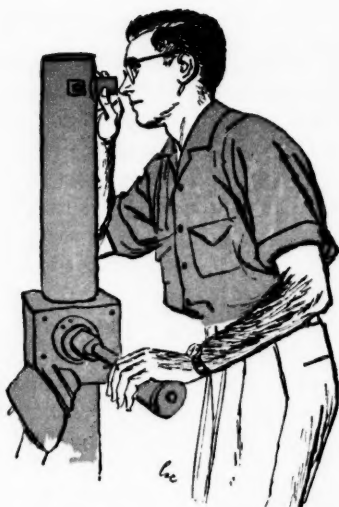
Condensed from the *Town Journal*\*

**I**N THE BASEMENT of his neat little home in Beaver county, Pennsylvania, Donald Leech, a young draftsman, performs daily a strange nocturnal dance.

Atop an oil drum are two glass disks. Leech bends over the drums, rubs the upper disk over the lower one, steps to the right, turns the upper disk slightly. He rubs again, repeats the sidestep. For many nights he will execute the same mysterious motions. Actually, he is grinding a mirror for his home-made telescope.

In home and school workshops across the country, other persons of all ages gyrate in a similar "barrel dance," taking their first steps toward adventure in the skies. The hobby is one well within reach of anyone curious about the universe. It takes no special scientific education, just interest and patience.

Through their own handmade telescopes, thousands of people have discovered a whole new realm. Awed and humbled, many have



felt in their hearts what the psalmist expressed in words.

*For I will behold Thy heavens,  
the works of Thy fingers: the moon  
and the stars which Thou hast  
founded.*

*What is man that Thou art  
mindful of him? or the son of man  
that Thou visitest him?*

Popular interest in astronomy, "mother of the sciences," is at a peak right now. This fact may be due to the gigantic 200-inch reflecting telescope on Mt. Palomar in California, which has recently extended man's view billions of miles into space. Rocket experiments, talk of interplanetary travel, new discoveries, theories and amazing instruments—all have stimulated curiosity as to the nature of the vastnesses around us.

\*1111 E St., N.W., Washington 4, D. C. December, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.



There is so much to find out that the professional astronomers (there are only about 600 in the country) can't do the whole job. The amateur has a real place in observing the planets, variable stars, and meteors.

Donald Leech will grind away for 50 to 90 hours to make his six-inch mirror. Before the instrument is ready, he will take many more hours to fashion the telescope tube, the mounting, and other parts.

At last the night of nights will come when, as Mrs. R. Thomas LuCaric, of the Beaver County Amateur Astronomers association, phrased it, "You take this thing you have lived with in the cellar, and you set it up in your back yard. You see the moon for the first time through your own creation, and you see it in a way you never have before. It looks like an orange, and you think you can reach out and touch it. That's worth all the time and trouble you have taken."

Mrs. LuCaric and her husband, a machinist, who live just outside Baden, Pa., built a six-inch telescope. On good "seeing" nights they peer at moon craters and hunt for double stars.

These Beaver-county amateurs got into astronomy in curious ways. When LuCaric needed eyeglasses he asked his wife to bring him a book on optics from the library. All she could find was Ingalls' *Amateur Telescope Making*, and that

started them on their new hobby.

A friend of theirs, Roelof Weertman, a civil engineer living in Beaver, had been a Dutch border guard in the 1st World War. When his watch ended he would make his way home across the fields, using the stars as a guide, far ahead of the other guards who used the roads. That interested him in astronomy.

Weertman, skilled with his hands (he makes violins, carves in wood, and paints), ground a six-inch mirror, then a 12½. Now he's working on a 16-incher. At his home any evening you may listen fascinated to the optical lore of Norbert J. Schell, another engineer, or hear Weertman give advice to Dick Rosica, 15, who is grinding his first six-inch mirror. Mrs. Weertman calls herself a "glass widow." The influence of astronomy extends even to the Weertman cat. One of its eyes is golden, the other blue, like the stars in the famous double star, Albireo. So the cat's name is Albireo.

On a high hilltop near Freedom, Pa., John C. Graf, a farmer, and his son Samuel built a 12½-inch reflecting telescope 15 feet long and an observatory of oak slabs and sheet aluminum. It cost only \$300 because odds and ends were used in making it.

On many a chill night, after the chores are done, the Grafts sweep the firmament to glimpse something of its glories. The first thing

Sam Graf shows the visitor is that double star Albireo.

The Beaver-county astronomers' group is one of about 75 belonging to the Astronomical league. Other amateurs belong to the American Association of Variable Star Observers, the Association of Lunar and Planetary Observers, and the American Meteor society. All told, some 20,000 amateurs pursue the hobby.

Leslie Peltier of Delphos, Ohio, who designs children's furniture by day, has found 11 comets while searching the skies by night. His most recent find came last year. As a farm boy of 16, Peltier picked strawberries at 2¢ a quart to earn

\$18 for a two-inch telescope. He found his first comet in 1925, and the great Peltier comet, which came within 16 million miles of the earth, in 1936. After 37 years of stargazing, Peltier still spends two hours a night in observation.

A few years ago, David Rotbart, a Washington retail merchant, spotted a hazy object moving in the constellation Cygnus. The object did not appear on his star charts. He called the Naval observatory, which quickly saw it. Naval called Harvard, which verified the discovery of a new comet, and Harvard, checking with Copenhagen observatory in Denmark, found that Ludmila Padjusakova, a Czech,

## Night

Mysterious Night! When our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! Creation widened to man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun! Or who would find,  
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Joseph Blanco White (1775-1841)

also had seen it. Today, lost in outer space, the comet bears the name Padjusakova-Rotbart.

About 5,000 stars in the first six magnitudes are visible to the naked eye. (Only about 2,000 can be seen at any one time, although on a cloudless night the number seems infinite.) In the first nine magnitudes, visible with an amateur's six-inch reflector, are nearly 200,000 stars, 40 times as many as can be seen by the unaided eye. Countless millions, each a blazing sun, are within range of the big telescopes.

If you want to join the thousands who enjoy the fascinating spectacle of God's universe, you can build a good six-inch telescope for less than \$50. And you'll wish to visit a planetarium, where by means of a complicated device the celestial bodies and their movements are projected on a domed ceiling. You should also visit an observatory; astronomers are friendly folk.

Allegheny observatory, in Pittsburgh, where the Beaver-county

amateurs often go, has 13-inch, 30-inch, and 31-inch telescopes. There, William D. Nanstiel, 15, although still in high school, already observes professionally. He gives you a look at the moon through the 13-inch refractor. You can even see the shadows of the moon's mountains, the shadows that are used to measure mountain heights.

Not all amateurs may, as did Peltier and Rotbart, write their names across the skies. But their lives are made infinitely richer by the knowledge they glean about the universe they inhabit. From astronomy they learn something about the daughter sciences: physics, chemistry, mathematics, geology.

Their horizons are not bounded by fence lines or anything else on earth. With Mrs. Maude Wiegel, an amateur astronomer who raised five children on a farm near Elizabeth, Pa., they discover that "learning more about the Creator's plan somehow gives one a calm and serene peace that makes the troubles of the day seem insignificant."



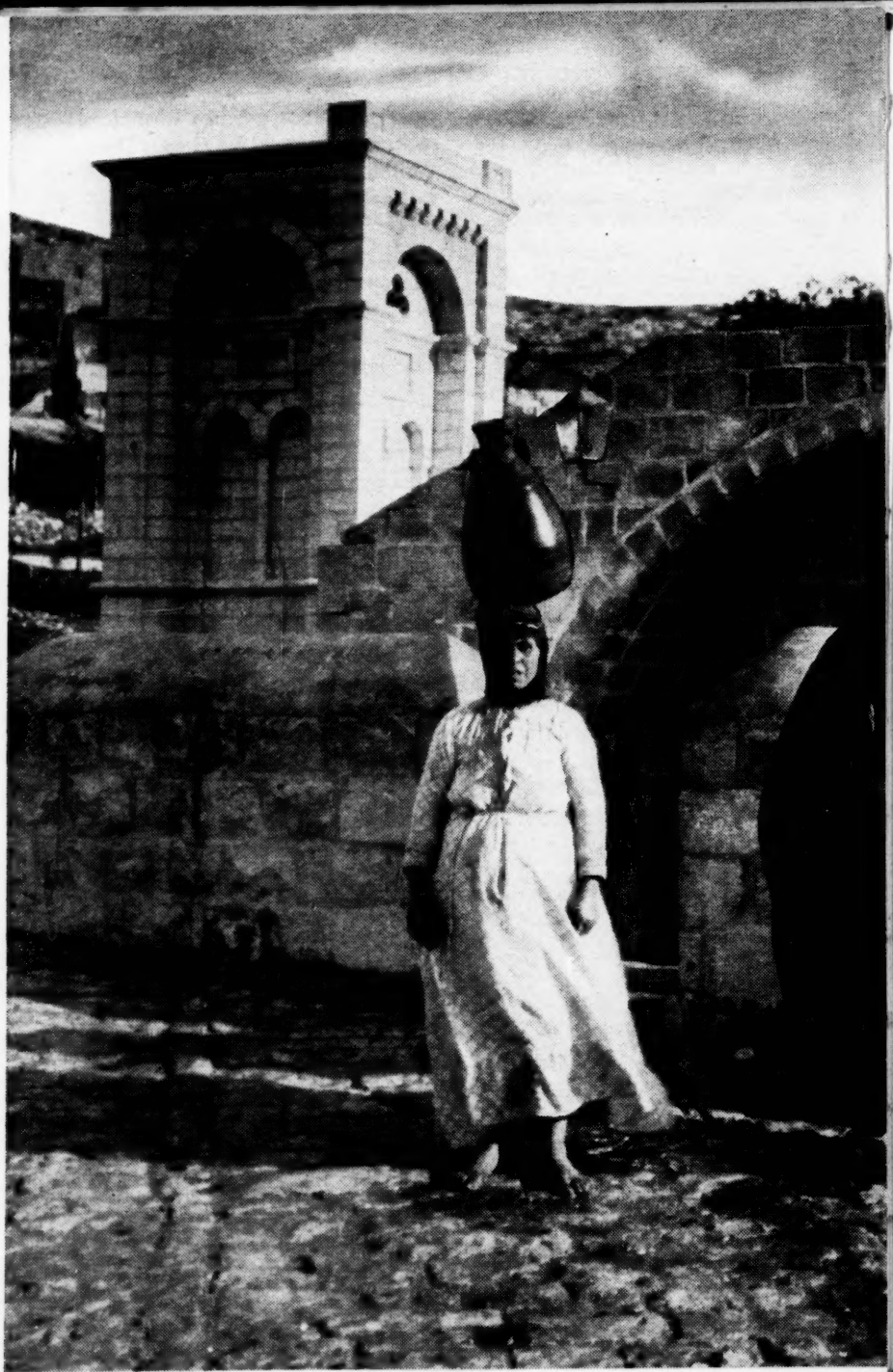
*I think we can*

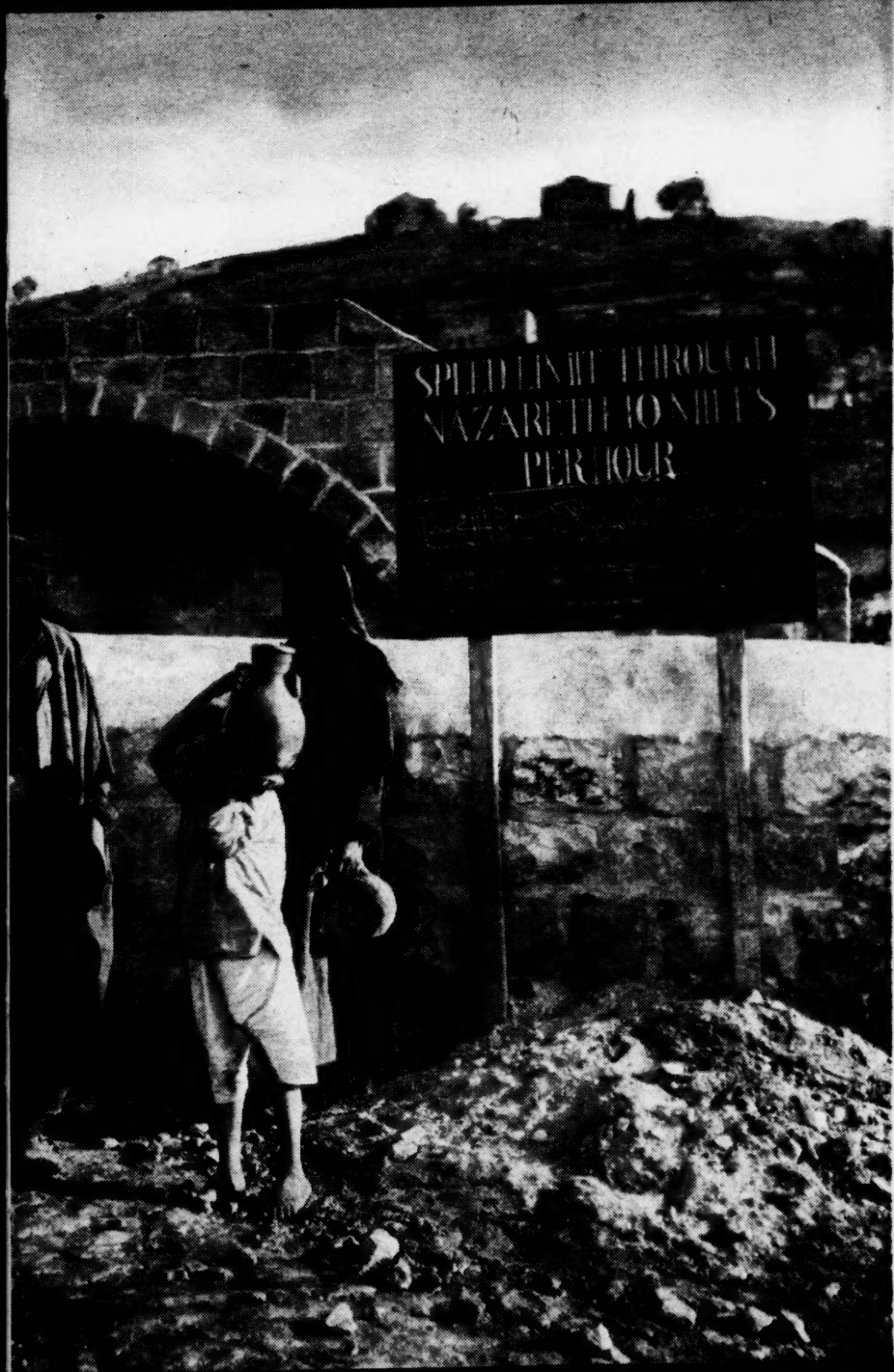
**AVOID WAR if:** \_\_\_\_\_

the millions everywhere who want peace will take the simplest steps to attain it. First, I would call upon all who have resented the cynical question of Stalin, "How many battalions has the Pope," to organize themselves into spiritual battalions. They should sign a pledge to work for all that the

Pope has so untiringly labored to achieve: peace through all the world. And in earnest of such a pledge, and as the most effective means of achieving the final goal, the signers should promise to pray a decade a day of the Rosary for Mary's peace in her Marian year.

Harold J. O'Loughlin.







## Marian Pilgrimage

**A**VE MARIA!—Hail Mary! Millions of lips are whispering these words in many and strange-sounding languages. For this is the year of Mary, proclaimed by Pope Pius XII, during which the faithful are to pay special homage to the Virgin.

By the thousands, pilgrims will journey across vast areas of sky and sea and land to visit the places where Mary once lived.

"Speed Limit Through Nazareth 10 Miles Per Hour." In English, Arabic and Hebrew, a sign warns the motorist as he drives through the village. The modern tourist, in his great hurry to reach the next place on his tour, is likely to over-

**Countless pilgrims have attended Mass in the Grotto of the Nativity of Mary, the birthplace of the Blessed Virgin. ↑**

look the well a few feet from the traffic sign.

From this same well, in a calmer age 2,000 years ago, Mary filled her earthen jar, and carried home the family water. When she arrived, her small Son would interrupt His play to take a drink. And His foster father would lay down his wood-working tools to clear the dust from his throat with a few cool swallows.

In this, the Marian Year, people of every age, every race, every color, and yes, of many creeds, will pause in awe and reverence at the ageless shrines which you see here.

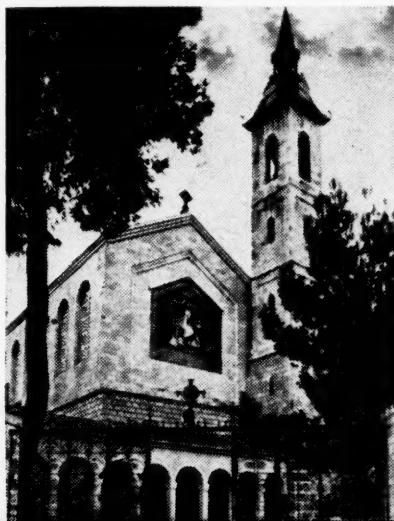




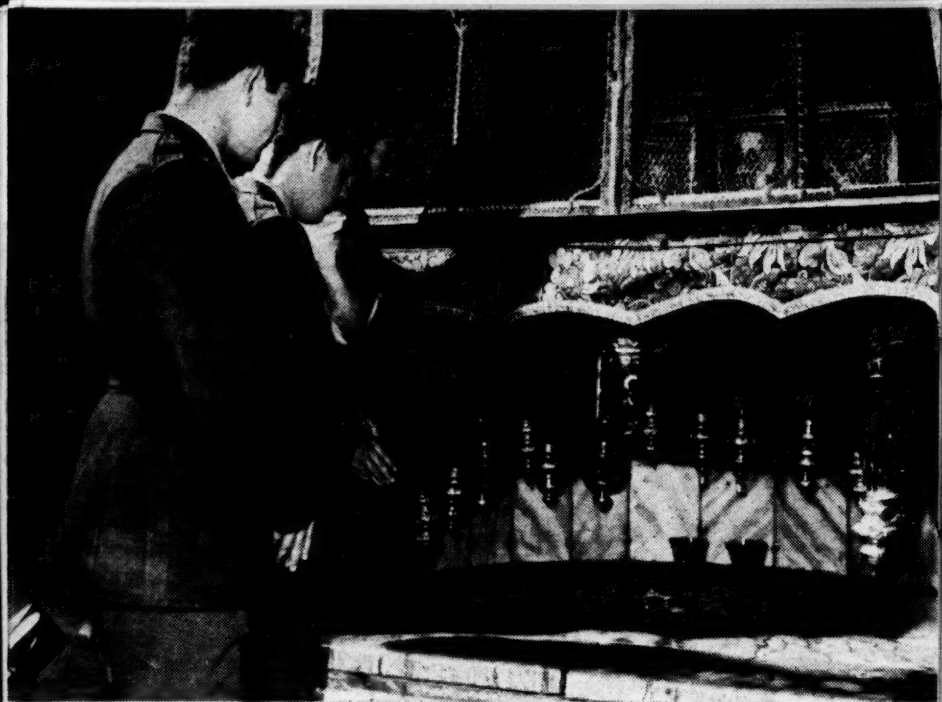
Ain Karem, birthplace of John the Baptist and scene of the Visitation. Farmers still grow figs and dates, and nowadays oranges, on the terraced fields.

In the Grotto of the Annunciation the inscription on the base of the marble altar reads: *Verbum Caro hic factum est.* (Here the Word was made Flesh).

Church of the Visitation. Here Elizabeth greeted Mary with the words, "Blessed art thou among women..."







American servicemen kneel at the spot where Christ was born in Bethlehem.

The place of the Crucifixion. Notice the statue of the Sorrowful Mother. The enlargement on the next page shows the jewelry which pilgrims have donated.



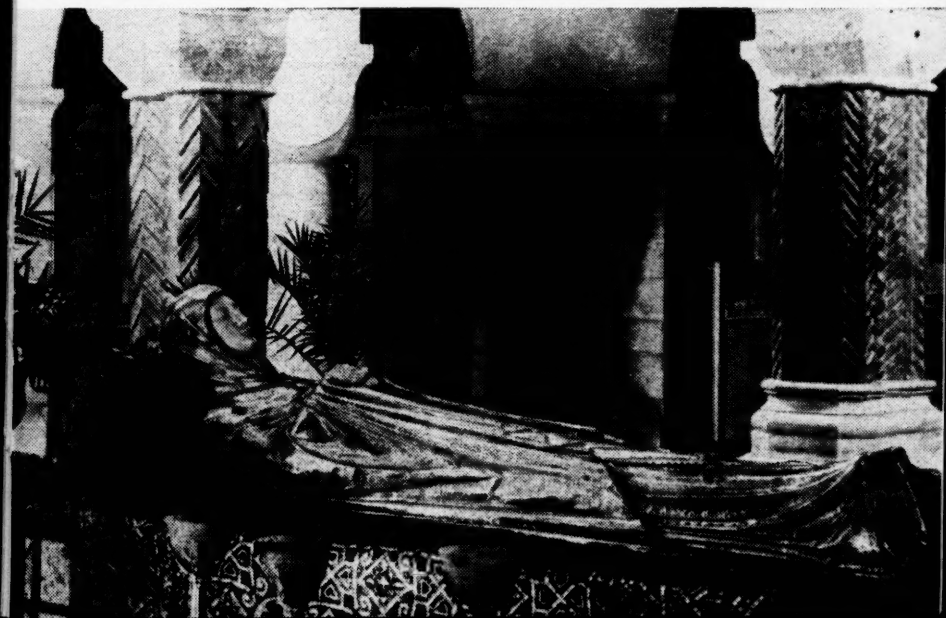


A street in ancient Jerusalem. It is typical of the streets on which the Blessed Virgin walked 2,000 years ago.

Photos from Commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C.



Mary "slept away," and was assumed into Heaven. Figure of the sleeping Mother in the Church of the Dormition. ↓



## The Open Door

*M*ost of my early life was spent in and out of first one church and then another, in my southern home town. When I finished college in 1949 and entered my chosen field of radio, I was close to atheism.

In 1952 I began, for some unexplainable reason, to wonder about the Catholic Church. I had never known a Catholic. Catholics were always people apart, mysteriously practicing a religion that my friends frowned upon. One Sunday I heard a minister berating Catholics over the radio.

I had been in radio advertising long enough to know that you never knock a rival's product unless you can't outsell him any other way, usually because his product is better than yours. I called the local priest, took instructions, and was soon convinced. My wife is also a convert. Jack Clements.

*W*E WERE NON-CATHOLICS, and moved reluctantly into the house across the street from the Catholic church and school. But it was the only place we could find.

In nearly every room, the last tenants had left Catholic magazines, pamphlets, newspapers. Vexed, I gathered them up to burn, that my husband and two growing daughters might not be contaminated.

But the curious Eve in me got the upper hand every time I picked up a pile to burn. The more I read, the more fascinated I became.

My daughters coaxed me to let them attend the parochial school. At last, I consented. Before the year was up, they were received into the Church. One has since become a nun.

My own furtive reading at length led me to conviction. One dark night, I stole over to the rectory. When I told the kindly pastor who I was, he revealed that my husband had been to see him that very morning: my husband and I could study and pray together!

As told to Sister Mary Theodosia, O.S.F.

*I* WAS ENGAGED to an upstanding young Protestant. My mother-in-law-to-be insisted that we be married in her church, and I would have been influenced by her had it not been for my fiancé. He was the one who looked far ahead. He said to his mother, "If we are not married in the Catholic Church, the marriage is not recognized, and I would regret that in later years." Thanks to my husband, we have had six years now of happy married life. The priest who married us put me back on the right road, and baptized our son.

Mrs. Stella Dolgust.

*[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]*



## Mardi Gras in New Orleans

*The day before Lent begins, the  
citizens pay a colorful farewell  
to meat*



By EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

Condensed from "Creole City"\*

ALL OVER the U.S., when a man child is born, his fond parents hope that he may some day be President. In New Orleans, when a girl is born, her parents immediately lay plans for the day when she will reign as queen of the Mardi Gras carnival.

As the little girl grows up, she hears talk of kings and queens and maids months before and after every carnival. As she plays, she ennobles her dolls, and when she grows old enough to go to parties with boys, they mimic their elders, and choose a king and queen of Mardi Gras.

It is every girl's secret ambition to be queen, and her daydreams are filled with visions of how she will look and behave when the time comes. Her relatives are as anxious as she; a family's social prestige is measured by how many carnival honors it can boast, and a queen sheds glamour even on cousins by marriage.

In no other city of the U.S. does the carnival spirit loom so large.

It is in the very blood and marrow of the people, and it dyes the whole social fabric with gay colors. It is said that no true New Orleanian ever died on Mardi Gras; he always, to enjoy just one more celebration, waited until the day after.

The first Mardi Gras was celebrated on the day the first Frenchman set foot on Louisiana soil, Feb. 9, 1699. Then, weary Pierre Iberville, coming up the Mississippi in his boats, forced them through the mud and branches and stepped out on the bank where New Orleans later rose. He remembered that in faraway France the day was a holiday, and he declared a carnival for his tired men. They sang and relaxed for the rest of the evening.

From the time New Orleans was founded in 1719, Mardi Gras was observed each year with music and merrymaking. The first procession took place about 100 years later, when some young Creoles, recently returned from the French universities, surprised the populace by pa-

\*Copyright 1953 by Edward Larocque Tinker and reprinted with the permission of Longmans, Green & Co., 55 5th Ave., New York City 3. 359 pp. \$6.50.

rating the streets in masks, in imitation of the French and Venetian carnivals. Everyone was so delighted that the custom was firmly established from then on.

The Civil war cast gloom over the city. During the war years, the celebration was suspended though not forgotten. Immediately after, the celebrations and procession were resumed with more enthusiasm than before. Although Louisiana was under military rule, the Mardi Gras gave a wonderful opportunity for the citizens to lampoon their carpetbagger oppressors. The theme of one parade was based on Darwin's *Descent of Man*, which was then enjoying a great vogue all over the world. Certain prominent carpetbaggers, military officials, and other Northerners were characterized as "missing links."

Some 30,000 visitors from all parts of the country witnessed the parade that year. They saw it led by a masked figure who bore a perfect resemblance to Charles Darwin. He carried a sign reading: "Darwin cannot supply the missing links, but New Orleans can!" He was followed by maskers made up as fishes, zoophytes, rodents, reptiles, monkeys, and other "missing links," all of which bore startling resemblance to Northern officials.

General Grant was represented in full-dress uniform, with cigar boxes bulging from every part of his uniform, and puffing a cheroot.

"General Butler" wore the mask of a hyena; he carried a huge silver spoon over his shoulder, a reminder of his enthusiasm as a collector of other people's silverware. Hamilton Fish, the secretary of state, was represented as a fish in an admiral's uniform. Other politicians were caricatured as monkeys.

Some wag sent a newspaper account of the parade to Charles Darwin himself, who was annoyed. He was not sure whether or not his leg was being pulled, but he acknowledged the article in a curt note to the sender.

In recent years, Mardi Gras has come to be taken very seriously in New Orleans, and any breach of decorum is resented. When Jimmy Walker, then mayor of New York, appeared at a costume ball in a dinner coat, there was serious talk of asking him to leave.

Everyone is afoot early on Mardi Gras morning. Mothers dress their children as cowboys, Indians, policemen, ballet girls, rabbits, and even as pocket editions of their grandmothers and grandfathers. Young ladies sit before their mirrors adding patches to piquant faces framed by conical hats and neck ruffs. Even the poor make up for their lack of costume by turning their clothes inside out and smutting their faces with burnt cork.

Peanut stands with shrill whistles clutter every corner, and vendors hawk big sticks of Swiss

candy. Decorated tiers of seats are everywhere, in gardens and before public buildings. Canal St. is roped off to keep the crowd out of the path of the parade.

Most of the older women are dressed in black, which seems strange carnival dress to the visitor. But Creole ladies wear mourning for even the most distant relatives, and, with large Catholic families the rule, nearly everyone has lost some relative or other quite recently. But wearing black casts no shadows on the heart, for in no other city in the world do older women retain such joy of living, such keen interest in the passing pageant of life, as in New Orleans.

Suddenly the streets resound to cries of "Here they come!" and all necks crane as a line of mounted police swings into Canal St. They are followed by a man who carries a long pole. Held upright, this is just the height of the tallest float, and gives warning if wires hang low enough to decapitate the king or sweep some masker from his perch.

The first float carries a magnificent live ox, rolling in fat; his hooves and horns are gilded, and he wears a garland of flowers around his neck. The tradition is that he will be slaughtered that night to provide a feast for the populace just before Lent begins. It is their farewell to meat, *Carne Vale*.

A group of "dukes" dressed in

rich medieval costumes follow on horseback. They wear black masks, because it is the tradition that nobody is supposed to know who they are. But some lady sitting in the grandstand is sure to point and say, "There's Willie! I'd know his fat tummy among a thousand."

It is also a tradition that no one is supposed to know the identity of the queen until she is revealed in the parade, but someone always seems to find out beforehand. Even if some husband does not whisper the information to his wife, to keep peace in his household, there are other signs to read. A solemn group of top-hatted men ringing a certain doorbell a month or so before Mardi Gras, or the repeated visits of a mother and daughter to a certain dressmaker, can be a tip-off. Then the news spreads like wildfire.

Floats, maskers, bands, and costumed men pass by all day in a soul-satisfying kaleidoscope of color and noise, dear to the American heart. Mardi Gras has its imitators in parades and carnivals all over the U. S., but none can match the original New Orleans article. Where else could you see a little group of maskers, with cornet, guitar, and fiddle, playing and dancing at the foot of the jail wall, while the inmates gratefully wave their arms through the bars?

Even the women who lose their children in the crowd do not worry. They know that the kindly po-

lice will gather them up and take them to the police station, where ice cream and toys are ready for them until they are retrieved. Some young couples have even been suspected of abandoning their children in the vicinity of kindly looking policemen, for baby sitters cannot be found on Mardi Gras.

The afternoon parade is followed by the night torchlight parade and two big balls. Dance follows dance until, at midnight, a trumpet

sounds. Festivity ends abruptly, and Lent begins.

But there is always a post-mortem. The Captain of Carnival and his aides go over every little detail of the day before. Mistakes are noted, successes praised. It is always the opinion of everyone, however, that yesterday's celebration was the most brilliant in all history. At this point the captain never fails to say, "But it won't be a patch on next year's."



### *Hearts Are Trumps*

I'M A SMALL, independent building contractor in our town. Some time ago, a young lad caught my attention by showing a keen interest in my kind of work. He often stopped by my jobs to help out, since I always worked by myself.

I wasn't able to pay him much, but I taught him all the tricks of my trade, and encouraged his ambition to become a contractor.

One night I was working late, rushing some repairs to the floor of our church so that it would be ready for the coming Sunday. To speed up my work, I had sharpened my hatchet to razor-keenness. However, it became stuck in a knot, and, exasperated, I yanked it out and made a terrific lunge at the piece of wood I was shaping. I missed the wood completely and buried the hatchet deep in my thigh! In panic, I pulled out the tool and looked at the terrible cleft in my flesh. Blood was gushing as from a faucet. The sight of it, and the thought that I was alone and on the outskirts of town, where few people ever passed at that late hour, made me faint away.

I awoke hours later in our hospital. My little friend had been coming home from a hayride and had seen the light burning in the church. Guessing that I must be working late, he had stepped in to help me. Help never came at a better time! He had rushed me to the hospital, where the wound was speedily closed.

Today the young lad is my partner—also my son-in-law! Stanley Clark.

*[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]*



# Baby-Proof Your Home

*Accidents kill more children than diseases do*

By ETHELYN BURNS

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal*\*

**T**HE CURLY-HAIRED two-year-old grinned out at me from his jungle of bandages in the pediatric ward of a large Minnesota hospital. But the shy grin that spread slowly over his little face when I spoke to him seemed only to underscore the suffering in his eyes.

His left arm and shoulder, chest, and back were swathed in bandages. "Skin grafting," the nurse explained. "Chuck fell into an open fireplace two months ago."

Yes, little Chuck's burns would heal. Perhaps he would even escape unscarred. But pain, fright, and loneliness leave their own kind of scars, and all the soothing attention of two remorseful parents would not prevent the nightmares ahead.

Now, falling into fireplaces is not the most common accident befalling children. But Chuck's experience points up the little-known fact that accidents of various kinds kill more children up to the age of 14 than any disease. Polio, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis—these are diseases to strike dread into the heart of any



parent. Yet, in the under-14 age group, the combined total of fatalities from all these diseases is less than half the number of deaths caused by accidents. And most accidents involving young children happen in the home.

The gravity of this situation has led to a new type of preventive medicine. The Academy of Pediatrics of the American Medical association has inaugurated a campaign against accidents. One young doctor has taken up the battle on two fronts. Dr. William T. Newsum, Oklahoma university professor of pediatrics, is working to

\*220 37th St., Pittsburgh 1, Pa. January, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

arouse interest both among physicians and parents themselves. In his files are case histories and pictures which speak eloquently of the need for safety education.

One of the pictures shows a badly scarred three-year-old boy. His body bears the evidence of burns received in three separate falls onto a pipeless-furnace register. Such a repetition of a preventable accident is criminal carelessness. Guards are inexpensive and easily installed.

Dr. Newsom says that far too many injuries are a result of the "accidents are bound to happen" attitude of many parents. He urges that we begin to think of such accidents as possible fatalities, rather than as mere mishaps. Death resulting from a burn or poisoning, maintains Dr. Newsom, is less of an accident than death caused by polio. "We don't as yet know how to keep a child from getting polio," he says, "but we can keep poisons out of the house."

Pediatricians are encouraged to include doses of safety education in routine baby checkups. In the matter of accident prevention, personal experience is certainly not the best teacher. The lesson may be learned too late. For many a child, his first accident is also his last.

Dr. Newsom has a few basic recommendations. Says he, "There's no such thing as an open 'safety' pin. If it's open," he says, "it isn't safe." Every infant needs a crib

**W**HILE you are reading this article, the chances, statistically, are that one American will die and 154 will be injured in household accidents. According to the National Safety council, home accidents alone cause one death every 18 minutes and an injury every seven seconds. In 1952, more than 29,000 persons were killed and 4,300,000 injured in home accidents.

with sides always kept up. Avoid painted toys or nursery furniture. Tape unused electrical outlets, and never use an open-socket type extension cord.

Above all, never allow the toddler access to any dangerous liquids or chemicals. One mother was so careful of her child's health that she kept candy and cookies on a high shelf well out of reach; the lye, bleach, and insecticide she stored under the kitchen sink.

Don't persuade your youngster to take medicine by calling it candy. Such a tactic is an invitation to sample the rest of the "candy" in the medicine cabinet.

Among the saddest words heard often by doctors is the sobbing mother's lament: "But I left him only for a minute, just long enough to answer the phone." And where did she leave baby for that last minute of his life? In the bathtub. Remember, when a small child falls

face down in water even a few inches deep, he doesn't know enough to get up. He lies there and cries, gasping in water instead of air.

The advice that applies to water applies to all other phases of child care. Complete protection is necessary for the first two years, and after that it should be gradually replaced by teaching. Overprotectiveness toward an older child will tend to make him accident prone. As children grow up they can't be kept from climbing, swimming, crossing streets, and working with mechanical devices. But they can be taught how to do such things safely. General warnings are important, but the greatest thing of all to be instilled by parents is the *habit* of caution.

Make an inventory of the accident possibilities in your home. Have you a stairway? Then you must hang up baby gates. Have one not only at the top of the stairs, but at the bottom, too. Babies can crawl up stairs long before they can safely manage the return trip.

Elementary, you say. Of course you have baby gates, top and bottom. And unlike two-year-old Chuck, your little Mary will never learn about fireplaces the hard way. Your sturdy screen is always properly closed. You took the glass top off your coffee table the day she started to creep. Electric fans and heaters are always kept well out of reach. When you must go out

to the clothesline or down to the basement, your youngster isn't left to roam. She's safely installed in crib or playpen, despite her loudest protests. In short, you've baby-proofed your home as completely as you can.

Then let's concentrate on the business end of your home, the kitchen, the most dangerous room in the house.

Your toddler is bursting with curiosity. To him, your kitchen is a wonderland. In it are gleaming knives and shiny glassware; gas jets to turn and hot ovens to open. There are bubbling pots, sizzling pans, and whistling kettles. The spinning beaters of the electric mixer catch his eye, and the humming motor is a Lorelei song, luring him to danger.

Drawers and undersink cabinets

**A**CCIDENTS kill more children aged one to 14 years than any disease. The following table lists a year's deaths from accidents and the nine most important non-accidental causes.

Accidents .....	10,313
Cancer .....	3,156
Pneumonia .....	2,821
Congenital malformations .....	2,014
Tuberculosis .....	1,263
Poliomyelitis .....	862
Gastritis, enteritis and colitis .....	779
Nephritis .....	726
Heart disease .....	673
Meningitis .....	510

*Accident Facts* (1953 Edition, National Safety council).

yield up treasures galore. Out come boxes, bottles, and cans filled with things that must be tasted. With luck it's only soap that he swallows. But the lye or kerosene are just as inviting; and these can spell tragedy.

If your kitchen doubles as a laundry, the dangers are even greater. Quantities of hot water are used, and bleaches, dyes, and strong washing powders are kept within easy reach. The number of very small children who catch hands and arms in washing-machine wringers is astonishing. Even a fully automatic machine is no assurance of safety. Such machines may be guaranteed foolproof, but to make them childproof would be difficult, indeed.

Anyone who doubts the variety and extent of self-injury to which small children are subject needs only to look over the receiving-room accident register of any large hospital. I did. It was one of the most sobering experiences of my life.

A two-year-old swallowed lye. The burn caused the tissue of his throat to grow together, preventing swallowing. A father in his home workshop was using an open-socket extension cord. His small son stuck his tongue into the socket and was

electrocuted before his father knew he was in trouble.

There were the burns from hot water, hot grease, and open fires. There were the fractured skulls and broken bones from falls down stairways, out of windows, from beds and chairs. And always there were the swallowings. It seems that everything that was ever put into a bottle or can has been swallowed by children. The assortment included roach spray, rat poison, shampoo, kerosene, turpentine, fuel oil.

Few laymen ever see such a concentrated presentation of accident cases. They read the day-to-day newspaper stories—and forget them. But physicians have the complete picture always before them. Because the menace is growing, they have decided upon an organized method of combating it. If the problem is a challenge to physicians, it should be a greater challenge to parents.

Safety education is the preventive medicine that can save thousands of young lives. The medical profession is willing to add education to its already heavy burden of responsibility. But unlike tonics, vitamins, and vaccines, it cannot be given to the children directly. Before anything can be accomplished, we, the parents, must be ready to take that medicine, in large doses.

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**You cannot control the length of your life, but you can control its breadth, depth, and height.**

*Life Today* (Aug.-Sept. '53).

*An old friend of the U.S. emerges as a real Asian leader*

## Magsaysay: *New Philippine President*

By PEGGY DURDIN

Condensed from *New York Times Magazine*\*

THE 1940 Manila city directory lists two names, then obscure, on which the future of the free world may depend. They are: Lt.-Col. D. D. Eisenhower and Ramón R. Magsaysay. At that time, Eisenhower was one of the military advisers to the President of the Philippines, and Ramón Magsaysay was an automobile-shop foreman. Today, just 14 years later, Dwight D. Eisenhower sits in the White House and Magsaysay is President of the Philippines.

Victor in the most truly democratic election ever held in Asia, Magsaysay brings new hope for Philippine democracy, stability, and progress. With his warm personality, his simple man-to-man approach, and his sympathy for the common people, the new Philippine President is already more greatly loved and respected by his countrymen than any other living Filipino.

Magsaysay's election has made the Philippines a strong member of the anti-communist forces in Asia. A sincere friend of the U.S.,

Magsaysay will insure close Philippine-American collaboration, both in defense and in economic affairs. His election has enhanced the prestige of democracy, of the Philippines, and of the U.S. in Asia. His victory proves that the democratic system in Asia can cope with the problems of social and economic distress, inequalities, and underdevelopment.

Magsaysay belongs to the new generation of Filipinos on whom the American cultural impact has been more powerful than the lingering influence of four centuries of Spanish rule. He represents a distinct break with the politicians still monopolizing Filipino public life.

Magsaysay was born in 1907, not far from the U.S. naval base at Subic bay. In this area, Filipinos and Americans lived in close association. Inhabitants of the district have a tradition of service with the U.S. navy, and around Magsaysay's home were many Filipinos retired from duty with the American fleet.

\*Times Square, New York City. Nov. 22, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

Magsaysay's father was a teacher, farmer, and blacksmith. Ramón worked his way through school, and was graduated from college in Manila in 1932.

He joined the U.S. army at the outbreak of the Japanese war, and fought until the fall of Bataan. Then he fled to the hills to become a guerrilla leader. One of the most important influences in his life was an American colonel he met there, who treated him as a son and trained him in guerrilla tactics. It was Magsaysay's forces that knocked out a Japanese fighter airfield, blocked roads, and cleared beaches so that an American army was able to land unopposed in Zambales during the reconquest of the Philippines.

Magsaysay was appointed military governor of his province by President Osmeña, and in 1946 won a seat in Congress. He was made chairman of the national defense committee, and came to the U.S.

in 1948 to obtain Filipino benefits. When, in 1950, the U.S. refused to continue military aid to the Philippines unless President Quirino put an honest man in charge of fighting the

Huks, Magsaysay got the position.

Making the most of American military assistance, he cleaned up the Huks in short order. This achievement made him a national hero and an international figure.

But Magsaysay later resigned his post in disgust with continued governmental corruption and inefficiency. A few months later, the opposition party chose him to run for president.

In both character and appearance, Magsaysay is what the average Filipino most admires. He is a Catholic. He has a charming wife and three teen-age children. His face, frank, open, and handsome, breaks easily into a great friendly grin. Taller than most Filipinos, he has a fine athlete's body restless with nervous energy. Even on the platform he stands like a fighter waiting to swing into action. His manner is simple, direct, sincere; he seems to take one immediately into his confidence.

One Magsaysay trait that endears him to the voters is his passionate honesty. In a government notorious for graft and corruption, Magsaysay as secretary of defense never pocketed a dishonest peso. Throughout the presidential campaign, where no holds were barred, his opponents could not find one corrupt act with which to attack his integrity.

He makes no pretense of being a scholar or intellectual. But he has a good mind, which grasps quickly



the important elements of any problem. He is a fighter, crusader, and doer.

"Plenty of good plans have been made in the last few years," says Magsaysay, "but nobody has done anything. What we need now is action."

Magsaysay himself is jet-propelled. Back of his love of action are phenomenal energy and vitality. He campaigned for six months at a pace that sent correspondents reeling back to Manila for rest and recuperation. Traveling by plane, car, and pony cart, he made eight to ten speeches a day. He considers four hours sleep a luxury; often for long periods he averaged two hours in bed nightly.

Magsaysay has great physical courage. He displayed it in his anti-Japanese days, in his front-line fighting against the Huks, and his insistence on making thousands of public appearances throughout the presidential campaign in spite of known plots to assassinate him.

More remarkable is the moral courage he demonstrated in his two years in the Quirino cabinet. There, he stood repeatedly on the dictates of his conscience, often against the wishes of the man who had appointed him. It took courage to use the Philippine armed forces to insure clean elections in 1951 against the express orders of his chief. Magsaysay did it.

Magsaysay depends on intuition and instinct as well as reasoning.

On his first day of office in the Quirino cabinet, a Huk planning an ambush to kill the new secretary asked him to come alone and unarmed at midnight to a hut in a Manila slum. Magsaysay followed his hunch and kept the rendezvous.

A jeepload of men slated to wipe him out failed to appear, and Magsaysay talked with the Huk for several hours.

He further jeopardized his life in later lonely interviews with the communist, always against the advice of his associates. When the Huk asked him for money to buy a car, Magsaysay gave it.

Impressed by the defense secretary's courage and sincerity, the Huk finally told Magsaysay how he could round up several important Huks living in the capital. Through this lead, Magsaysay eventually captured every member of the communist politburo in the Philippines except one, who later was killed in battle.

Magsaysay's career as defense secretary shows that he is not afraid of bold, unorthodox methods of tackling tough problems. When he joined President Quirino's cabinet in 1950 there were 20,000 well-





armed communist-led Huks in the Philippines. They terrorized the countryside, because a graft-ridden government permitted a crooked constabulary to abuse the people so much that the common man preferred the Huks to the constabulary. Huks had even infiltrated the government.

Magsaysay relieved incompetent army officers, even against presidential opposition, and promoted the competent. He told the people to report every abuse by the military to him.

In less than a year the army and constabulary were a first-rate fighting force with good morale and discipline. Then Magsaysay struck hard at the Huks through combat groups trained in guerrilla tactics. He struck just as hard psychologically by giving money to families of insurgents, by promising amnesty and jobs to surrendering Huks, and by living up to his promises. Within two years the Huks had dwindled to a force of about 4,000.

Magsaysay likes to think of himself as tough and ruthless, but actually he is guileless and trusting. He has regard not only for the masses, but for people as individuals.

When he was secretary of defense, the Huks retaliated against him by massacring every woman and child in his home barrio. Magsaysay was terribly torn by this. His nights were long punctuated by

horrible nightmares in which the tragedy was repeated. He captured one of the Huks involved in the massacre.

"I would have shot the man," says one of Magsaysay's associates. "But Magsaysay talked with him patiently, and finally said, 'Well, I think you can become a good citizen and I'm going to give you a chance to prove it.'"

Magsaysay's principal assets as President of the Philippines and statesman in Asia are his deep-rooted sympathy for the common people, his firsthand knowledge of their problems, and his identification of himself with them. He is perhaps the only present-day Asian chief of state, besides Mao Tse-tung, who has worked with his hands for a living. When he addresses an audience of wrinkled farmers in straw hats he is not a patrician filled with sympathy for the masses; he is one of the common people speaking naturally and easily to his friends.

He doesn't believe that you can compromise with communism. Yet, he has seen with his own eyes that men joined the Huks because they could not make a living on the land. "You don't kill communism with sword and gun alone," he says.

Magsaysay resigned from the Quirino government because he believed it was perpetuating social and economic injustices that produced communists as fast as they

could be rounded up by the army.

Today he faces challenging problems. He must continue the fight against the Huks. He must weed out corruption from local and national governments and replace lethargy with crusading vigor. He must encourage industrial development, still in its infancy.

Above all, his administration must tackle problems of the little farmers, who make up about 80% of the population. This means increasing agricultural productivity, improving marketing channels, straightening out land titles, enforcing equitable rents, dividing up huge absentee-landlord estates, and encouraging the land-hungry peasants to migrate to suitable government developments. It means helping the country to get better schools

and roads, irrigation, and safe drinking water. It means helping the people to help themselves.

Relatively unskilled in political maneuver and inexperienced in administration, Magsaysay will have to learn how to achieve all these aims through democratic channels. However, he has far greater executive powers than even the President of the U.S., and backing him are many of the finest men in the Philippines as well as hundreds of thousands of the common people.

As one of his countrymen said, Filipinos are proud to have a president who will bring to Malacañan palace "the sweaty smell, clean breezes, plain honesty, and basic goodness of the small towns and barrios of the Philippines."

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## Flights of Fancy

Waves endlessly salaaming.

*Harvey Fergusson*

A bore making a noisy lull in the conversation.

*Don Lawe*

A bride acting as if she had invented matrimony.

*G. Norman Collie*

The skin of an apple, holding summer in.

*Petrina Schutz*

The sun, trying to make drips out of icicles.

*Carol Brabender*

The moon drew up the fogs and scarfed herself in white.

*Richard Blackmore*

Taxicab nibbling at downtown traffic.

*Joseph Dever*

A broken window pane patched with spider webs.

*Al Kerr*

Clouds buttered with sunshine.

*Margaret Whitney*

Bees dozing upon a flower bed.

*Brendan Francis*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

# Pilgrim in Sussex

*Our Lady of Consolation reminds him of reality*

By HERBERT SLUSSER

Condensed from *Queen of All Hearts*\*

**O**N A DAY in October, I made solitary pilgrimage to a new shrine, the Church of Our Lady of Consolation at West Grinstead, in Sussex.

In modern England many of Mary's holy places have been restored to Catholic ownership and use, and new ones have sprung up.

The poky little English train (with its cock-pheasant whistle) set me down—as so often happens in the English countryside—a mile from the village. It was a day for walking: windless, sunny, and cool. And what is a pilgrimage unless one goes at least part of the way afoot? The oaks and beeches along the road dropped their leaves silently. There were blackberries in the hedges, sweet as honey. The road wound (as a Sussex road should), and the way was long enough to make me “feel my legs.” At last I rounded a wooded knoll and found myself—with no village in sight—at the church I had been seeking.

I entered by the cemetery gate. A sexton was filling a grave, and

the noise of his shoveling was more than a little brutal. The spade clanged on the corrugated iron which held the lumps of Sussex green clay piled there when the grave was dug. Bouquets of autumn garden flowers, chrysanthemums, dahlias, Michaelmas daisies, lay near at hand. Each had obviously been gathered and tied by hand with common string; little hand-written notes of affection were attached, the script being fair and round in the English fashion.

There had been a requiem Mass; the mourners had loved the deceased through God, and gone—leaving the coffin and the flowers to the impersonal work of the sexton. The wooden box was in the earth; time and weather would make short work of what the departed soul had left behind.

It was then that I noticed where I was standing: by another grave so new that its mounded clay was still as raw as that which the sexton was handling. The sexton looked up from his labors, and said, with a warm Irish intonation, “That’s

\*40 S. Saxon Ave., Bay Shore, N. Y. January-February, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

the grave of Mr. Belloc. Him's buried there beside his wife and son."

How small a grave for such a giant! Was it the power of Hilaire Belloc's words that had made me think of the man as huge? It is impossible to convey the feeling of the simplicity of the place: the tiny plot: its bareness: the common sorrel growing thinly over the two other mounds. The weathered-oak headboard, moss topped, had the names of Mrs. Belloc and their son, Peter, dead in the war, carved in-taglio and pricked out in red, with the dates of their deaths, 1914 and 1941.

Later, when I had met the pastor, I heard a few of the details of Hilaire Belloc's dying. He was used to lighting his pipe with a twist of paper touched to the fire-place flame. It is thought that he had suffered a stroke, for his burns seemed not to pain him. His exquisite courtesy was the trait he held on to till the end, when all else had left him, and he died, a few days later, in the hospital.

In the church, it was given me to meditate upon the Belloc greatness, for I found (by a brass plate with his name on it) that I was kneeling in Mr. Belloc's pew. The good things of this world and the luxury of integrity are, in those glorious books, made warm and safe and high, because he set them in the framework of the faith. And in his dedicated love of life he

wrote the most kindling prose of the 20th century.

So, I thought, he had worshiped here, before Our Lady of Consolation!

The story of this church and of its shrine is the story of heroism and perseverance. The spot upon which, in the middle of the last century, it was built has been kept holy through all the centuries of persecution by Catholics who refused to let the Mass be rooted out. One of the powerful families of the neighborhood, the Carylls, made their house the entry point for priests who came from France.

When the priest-haters finally harassed the Mass out of that loyal home, a secret chapel, with a hiding hole, was cunningly contrived under the roof in a cottage on the estate. There Mass was said by a sequence of priests, including the venerable Father Francis Bell, O.F.M., who was put to death at Tyburn in 1643.

Now that cottage is the pastor's home; and the pilgrim is shown the tiny Mass room, once secret, and the hiding hole. There are relics, too: a bone of the martyr priest; a piece of his hair shirt; and his pathetic last letter. And on the altar, in that clandestine chapel, is the pewter chalice which he used, and the altar stone.

The fragile quality of unseen things comes home to the pilgrim. The countryside, the sky, the warmth of the autumn day, the

clumsy earth of the new-made graves, the pathetic homeliness of the relics—all these are as nothing compared with things invisible, for example, the tenacity of the Caryll family's devotion; the insistence of the hiding-hole priests that the Mass must go on for the sake of the English people; the continuing ardor of the Bellocs in this time of motorbikes, jet planes, sordid English comic books and pornographic English papers, Marxism, and the rationalization of men's desires.

The name of the church, Our Lady of Consolation, is of double significance. Those who built it wished to thank the Blessed Virgin for her consolations to the persecuted during those awful decades of the 17th century. They also wished to recognize how men's perseverance must have consoled her on that holy ground. The

shrine itself is a Madonna and Child, the replica of the holy picture in the shrine of the *Consolata* in Turin. It was sent to England 75 years ago by the Archbishop of Turin.

The church itself is not particularly beautiful nor (by American standards) large. It is set in a pagan and lovely landscape. The hunt rides heedlessly by on autumn and winter Saturdays. But the neighborhood folk no longer jeer at the processions that seek the church out. Indifferentism is more and more in England the alternative to faith. But I came away exalted.

As I walked the lanes and roadways for five miles afterwards, my mind played over the significance of my visit. The strength of the unseen! For the convinced Catholic, supernature is as real as nature. That is consolation, indeed!



### *The Shaming of the Shrew*

**A**N exceedingly conscientious farmer in the Tennessee hills, looking for a wife, turned away from all the gentle-natured maidens of the countryside and took the meanest, most contentious woman he could find.

Asked to explain his peculiar choice, the farmer said that life was running too smoothly for him. He felt that he needed to have some cross to bear, something to act as a scourge to keep him humble and contrite. A shrewish wife, he thought, would supply the deficiency.

But the farmer had not reckoned with the ways of women. His wife learned his odd reason for marrying her and, greatly offended, decided to revenge herself upon her bumbling mate. She accordingly became the most agreeable and dutiful of all wives.

"No man can use me for a pack horse to carry him into heaven," she declared.

*Wall St. Journal* (22 Sept. '53).

# How I Found Love

*It began with the idea of doing God a favor*

By SISTER X, R.S.M.

Condensed from "Why I Entered the Convent"

**I** WAS a modern, sophisticated American girl who smoked, and liked her fun. I was only one of the countless teen-agers who "knew all the answers," and who, deep down inside, wished desperately that they really did know them.

I went along pretty much with the crowd, except that I had a few ideas that were considered bizarre, running counter to the current philosophy. Don't ask me why, but I clung stubbornly to the ideal that you don't give out your kisses casually to every Tom, Dick, and Jack, but you save them for the fellow you intend to marry. That alone was enough to brand me as prudish, but since I was a pretty good sport otherwise, the gang looked on me tolerantly. And I tried to be broad-minded.

It seemed odd when my favorite sister, Sallie, became a Catholic. Well, it was just one of those things. It was a free country, wasn't it? Anyhow, it didn't keep me from going over to Hilton to visit her every chance I could get. I even went to church with her, so broad-minded was I, and so immune to any possible Catholic influence.

The group of young people I met in Hilton intrigued me. They found much of their fun in their homes, just dancing to records, playing cards, making candy, and that sort of thing. Imagine that! True, most of them were Catholics, but I would not let that ruin my fun. Besides, for added interest, there was Tony. All he had to do was turn that slow grin of his toward me, and my heart would turn flip-flops.



\*Edited by George L. Kane. Copyright 1953 by the Newman Press, Westminster, Md., and reprinted with permission. 214 pp. \$2.50.

It wasn't long before people knew that Tony and I were head-over-heels in love. Religion? It was not mentioned.

So events stood until that never-to-be-forgotten night. Playfully, Tony had confiscated my handkerchief, and I was searching through his pockets, a little exasperated.

"Tony, you goon!" I began, but just then my exploring fingers pulled out—a rosary. I gasped, and stared at it in surprise. I had seen rosaries before, and they had left me cold, just as everything else Catholic had. But this time something happened to me.

"Do you carry that all the time?" I asked.

"Sure. What about it?" he wanted to know.

I stared at him a moment, and then said, "Tony, take me home."

"But, Honey, the party's just started," he protested.

"Take me home," I repeated. He did.

"Honey, are you feeling well?" Tony asked, searching my face anxiously.

"Of course, darling," I answered. "I just have to do some thinking." But I couldn't say more.

Then he rested his cheek against my hair, saying, "Stay as sweet as you are, Jan, Honey, and don't let anything happen to you. We've got a lot of living to do together, you know."

A little breathless, I went to bed early. But it was not to relive those

moments so precious to lovers; instead, it was to face a drastic alteration of outlook. There was no weighing of pros and cons. It was just the incredible fact that one moment I was heading in a certain direction, and in the next I had performed an abrupt about-face. I couldn't explain it, and I didn't try.

Next evening found me sitting in Father O'Brien's study. "So you think you want to be a Catholic, eh?" he said, half jokingly.

"I know so," I answered firmly. "I just want to go through the formalities, that's all, beginning right now." I didn't dream that he might put me off for a while, or question my resolution. My presumption must have amused him; at any rate, he humored me.

I didn't miss one instruction class. What a revelation truth was! How wonderful to discover a real foundation for my ideals! At last I could very nearly say that truly I "knew all the answers."

Then came the evening, about four months later, when I was baptized and made my first general confession. Next morning, I received my God for the first time in Holy Communion. But He was still a strange God, whom I took to myself in cold, blind faith.

Tony was exultant. Our plans were taking more definite shape. We were to have a ranch-style house, with yellow curtains in the kitchen, and fishing poles and picnic baskets and a car in the garage,



and babies and toys and dogs underfoot. What more could I ask of life? It must have been at this point that God decided it was time to hint that there *could* be more in life.

Before long, I returned to Pine-ridge to let my parents get acquainted with me all over again. There was no comment on religion. Mom and dad always said that whatever religion or career we might choose, we could always count on their backing.

Then came that memorable day. I was doing the dishes for mom while waiting for the morning mail, and a letter from Tony. Not only did Tony fill my fancies; I had also my newly-found faith and the glad wonder that thrilled me and the deep gratitude that made me feel sorry that such a large portion of the world did not know how wonderful it was to be a Catholic.

"You poor world," I sighed. "How I would like to help God take care of you!" As if uttered by someone standing next to me, the words echoed within me: "You can be a nun."

I remember how I gasped, and nearly dropped the plate I had been polishing dreamily for ten minutes. I was staring at that same plate when mom came into the kitchen.

"You must be miles away," she said. "The mailman came and left without being pounced on. Here's your letter."

I received it eagerly, and fled to a far corner to enjoy it. "Jan, my sweetheart. . . ." and everything else was relegated to oblivion, for the time being, that is.

During a visit back to Hilton I received another jolt. I was attending one of the parish ice-cream socials. Father O'Brien was teasing Peggy Quinn, but I wasn't paying much attention until it dawned on me that he had just said, "Now, why don't you become a nun, as Jan here is going to do?"

Again I nearly dropped a dish—with ice cream in it—as I gasped, "Why, Father, how can you say that!" He merely chuckled, and went on to the next group. He knew that Tony and I were in love with each other, didn't he? I began to feel uneasy. For didn't he know my soul as no one else could know it (except God)? Yet, not even to him had I revealed that new something which had been struggling in my soul for recognition. I hadn't even admitted to myself that it was there.

I took to stopping in at the church rather frequently to convince our Lady of the fact. She was my best pal; besides, I had a sneaking notion that somehow she had something to do with my predicament. As yet, I hadn't learned that cajoling her would merely hasten my own defeat.

"I simply can't give up Tony," I informed her firmly. I didn't argue; I merely stated facts. But

somehow, my firmness began to waver. And I resorted to the use of every woman's weapon, tears. "It's just impossible," I wailed. "God wouldn't ask such a thing." But our Lady just looked down silently, lovingly, her arms outstretched, until I couldn't resist any longer. I finally looked at her imploringly, and went to kneel as close to the tabernacle as I could to make my whispered surrender, "O.K., Lord, You win." It didn't seem at all strange that He had worked it through His Mother.

Well, my mind was made up, and that was that, as far as I was concerned. But I wonder how many circles I paced on the living-room rug, and how many cigarettes I tossed away, as I prepared to tell Tony.

I was surprisingly calm as I gently broke the news to him. His jaw was set as he stared at me, his hands gripping my shoulders till they hurt. I heard him say, half to himself, "So that's it! I knew there was something about you, something I could never get at. Well, all I can say is that I'm glad it's God who gets you and not some other man." I bit my lips to keep them from trembling, and through tears I watched him stride down the steps and out of my life.

What did I think awaited me behind the cloistered doors of the convent? Frankly, I wasn't sure. A paradise on earth? No. The anticipation of lifelong self-denial and

the loss of my independence repelled me. But that repulsion was outweighed by the attractiveness of doing something special for the God who had been so generous with me, as well as by the prospect of living close to Him and His sweet Mother. Whatever aversion I might feel, I felt that He would give me the grace to "take it."

And so at last I became a postulant in that Sisterhood dedicated in a special manner to our Lady of Mercy. You may wonder, did I ever look back? Well, would it surprise you were I to tell you that some of the bitterest tears of my life were shed the night before I received the Religious habit? But there was no wavering in my resolve, and next day I was happily stumbling about in the voluminous skirts of my habit.

I did nurse my hurt a wee bit, perhaps. I thought I was making such a huge sacrifice. And, confidentially, I rather had the idea that I was doing God a favor by becoming a nun. And certainly I thought I was putting love out of my life forever.

But that was only because I did not as yet comprehend the meaning of the Religious life. How long was it before I realized that my sacrifice wasn't really so much, after all?

I smile as I reflect that perhaps God made it seem difficult, just so that He could give me the merit of renunciation. I have realized

long since that it was not a matter of my doing God a favor; rather, it was a matter of His bestowing upon me a most precious gift, a very special favor He reserves only for His chosen ones.

And as for love—how can I say it? What earthly lover could sweep me off my feet so completely as has my divine Lover? What diamond-studded circlet of earthly

brides can surpass in beauty the plain silver band which symbolizes my espousal to the King of Kings? How can I tell of the bliss of living with Him a life of personal and intimate love such as only He and I can know?

I can't. I can only kiss my ring and say gratefully, "Thank You, my Beloved, for not letting anyone have me but You!"



### *Catholic Customs*

IN the Fijis, kissing is out, even when the object of affection is a sacred one. Columban Father Michael J. Cryan reports that he brought a first-class relic of the Little Flower to be kissed by the congregation after a Mass in her honor. The people rubbed their noses against the reliquary instead of kissing it.

*Factual Features* (15 Dec. '53).



It was a Eucharistic procession in French West Africa. Tom-toms beat a frenzied rhythm. Colorfully dressed natives danced to the haunting beat. The priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament did not march. He was carried in a special portable chair, like those used by the ancient kings of Dahomey. In front of the procession marched a native herald crying, "Tigo! Tigo!" (The King! The King!) All the while, the faithful were clapping, singing, and dancing.

Their pastor, Father Michael Djedi, of the White Fathers, had told them to express their reverence and devotion in their own way. They organized a procession just like those with which they welcomed visits of their ancient kings.

*The Catholic Choirmaster* (Summer '53).



IN the Irish army, the royal salute is reserved exclusively for the Blessed Sacrament. No earthly dignitary may receive this salute, which is given only to the King of Kings.

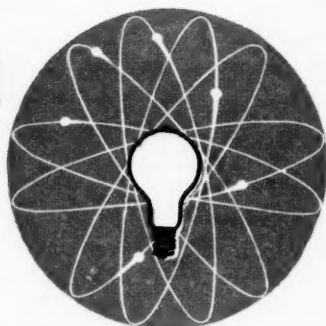
One rule of military ceremonial is that compliments may not be paid to anyone while the National Colors are on parade. In the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, however, not only are compliments paid, but the National Colors of Ireland are themselves dipped in salute.

Maurice O'Connor.

# The Atom Controlled

*The race for weapons must end in a dead heat; there will be no one left to set off the 10,000th H-bomb*

Condensed from *Senior Scholastic\**



**T**HE electric light bulb glowed, and excited exclamations burst from the lips of a cluster of scientists in a stone house in Arco, Idaho. For the first time in history, the atom had been used as a source of controlled electric power.

This story of atoms for peace began in Arco about four years ago. The glowing bulb marked a new era as surely as did the first practical application of electricity or the invention of the steam engine. A new, primary source of power had been harnessed, and a vast economic revolution was in prospect.

If a few pounds of uranium could produce power comparable to hundreds of thousands of tons of coal or millions of gallons of oil, man's life might be transformed. Deserts could be made to bloom. Factories could spring up where only primitive workshops had existed before. The struggle for existence among millions of peoples, a struggle that is at the root of much international strife, might be eased beyond the fondest dreams of social visionaries.

The atomic arms race is, in a sense,

over. It has ended in a draw. Russia has, or will soon have, enough atomic weapons to cancel out any numerical superiority that the U.S. may still possess. The new race is beginning, the race to produce industrial power from the atom for peaceful purposes. The nation that gets the jump will exert tremendous influence on all the peoples of the world. For it will appeal to the one thing in man more compelling than fear: hope.

Atomic scientists have long recognized that beyond a certain point, atomic stockpiling is meaningless. Ten thousand hydrogen bombs would represent no greater real military strength than 1,000 H-bombs, since no nation is ever going to drop the 10,000th bomb. Long before that could take place, civilization would be at an end.

This truth was borne home recently in the announcement by Soviet Premier Malenkov that Russia has mastered the secret of the hydrogen bomb. The announcement meant that Russia and the U.S. were rap-

\*33 W. 42 St., New York City 36, Dec. 9, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Scholastic Corp., and reprinted with permission.

idly approaching a deadly impasse. This deadlock was described by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, one of the leaders in the development of atomic energy, when he compared Russia and the U.S. to "two scorpions in a bottle." The moment either struck, both were likely to be destroyed.

Within a few week's of Russia's announcement, Thomas E. Murray, a member of the U.S. Atomic Energy commission, announced that the U.S. was about to construct an atomic electric-power plant. He said, "This is America's answer—its significant peacetime answer—to recent Soviet atomic tests. It should show the world that, even in this gravest phase of arming for defense, America's eyes are still on the peaceful future."

The device used at Arco to take the power locked in the atom and convert it to electric current is known as an atomic reactor. A reactor is essentially the graphite honeycomb in which the controlled chain reaction takes place when uranium is introduced.

The chain reaction produces heat. From there on, the rest is comparatively easy. The heat is used to convert water into steam. The steam drives an ordinary turbine. The spinning turbine can be harnessed to do anything from producing electric current for a bulb to turning a ship's propeller. The atomic engine now being installed in the U.S. navy's submarine *Nautilus* is the

same kind of mechanism as the one developed at Arco.

The nuclear plant announced by Mr. Murray will be a large-scale version of the Arco reactor. It will be capable of producing electric power for industrial use. It will produce a minimum of 60,000 kilowatts of electricity, enough to supply a city of about 75,000 people.

The electricity will be used at the atomic plant itself. It may drive the hundreds of pumps used to refine uranium. Or it may be harnessed to light the homes and run the appliances of the thousands of workers.

The government has not disclosed how much it expects this first nuclear power plant to cost. Educated guesses place it at about \$30 million.

Behind the AEC's decision to proceed on its own with construction of a nuclear power plant lies a long series of efforts to get private industry to undertake the job.

Once there was an almost insurmountable barrier to private industry's entry into the nuclear power field. The government had an absolute monopoly on all atomic data and on fissionable material. About two years ago, however, the government relaxed its restrictions somewhat. This enabled about 20 of the nation's leading power and chemical companies to draft proposals for the private production of nuclear power.

None of the proposals advanced was acceptable to the government. Most of them amounted to requests

for outright government subsidies. So the AEC decided to build the first nuclear power plant as an all-government project.

Great problems remain to be solved before power produced from the atom can compete, dollar-for-dollar, with other sources of power. That is why private industry is reluctant to enter the nuclear power field.

Construction costs for a modern hydroelectric, coal, or oil-fired power plant are about \$75 to \$100 per kilowatt. Estimated construction costs for an atomic-electric plant are about \$500 to \$600 per kilowatt. And once the atomic-electric plant is in operation, production costs are estimated at about double those of an ordinary power plant.

There is a second problem that stands in the way of private development of nuclear power. This is the degree of government control that would have to be maintained.

Despite some recent changes in atomic policy, the government is far from ready to permit the sale of deadly fissionable materials on the open market. Neither is it ready to allow private industry to use these materials without restrictions.

Thus, any company that entered the nuclear power field would have to accept close government supervision. Hence, says private industry, it is reasonable to ask government guarantees against financial loss.

Finally, the problem of security makes any change from govern-

ment to private development in the atomic field difficult. Suppose that the general manager at a government atomic plant wants to have the roof shingled. He must have a "Q clearance," a security check that takes at least three months. Private industry would find it difficult to operate under such conditions.

On the other hand, any great relaxation of security measures has obvious dangers. There are about 200,000 people already employed on government atomic projects. The entry of private industry into the field would increase the number many times, and with it, the difficulties of an effective security program.

The government hopes that this pilot plant will help private industry to overcome its fears. The AEC realizes the limitations in an all-government program. It knows that America's inventive genius and vast productive capacity thrive best under the stimulus of free competition, where the individual reaps the rewards of private enterprise. It is relying on this vitality in the American system, as compared with the methods used in totalitarian countries, to maintain America's lead in the atomic field.

The AEC is now engaged in drafting a series of amendments to the Atomic Energy act. These are designed to provide new encouragement to private industry to undertake production of nuclear power that can compete economically with



power from our present sources.

Atomic experts have little doubt that eventually the goal will be attained. They are far from discouraged by the present high cost of atomic electricity. They compare the current stage in the development of nuclear power to the early days of the steam engine and automobile. Neither of these inventions seemed economically feasible at first.

Our atomic experts are confident that the government's first nuclear

power plant will show the way to new and better plants. It will bring ever closer the day when atomic electricity will make present-day fuels and sources of power seem as outmoded as the treadmill.

The prospect for the future was outlined by Mr. Murray when he said, "For years the splitting atom packaged in weapons has been our main shield against the barbarians. Now, in addition, it is to become a God-given instrument to do the constructive work of mankind."



### *Your Necklace of Prayers*

**I**N Anglo-Saxon times, the word *biddan* meant "to request." By the 6th century *bede*, adapted from it, was the standard term for "prayer."

Devout persons kept track of their prayers, or bedes, on bits of glass or precious stones, fastened on a string and hung about the neck.

By the time the rosary became common in Britain, the bits of glass were themselves "bedes." Slight modifications in spelling produced *bead*. Thus, your necklace, as well as your rosary, is made of "*prayers*."



### *Politeness Was Hard Work*

**C**RAFTSMEN of the ancient world developed a high degree of skill in working gold and silver vessels. When a particularly fine piece was finished, the artisan would rub it until *politus* (polished). But the barbarians who conquered the Old World empire had little care for the niceties of life. It made no difference to them whether a vessel was *politus* or not, so the word dropped from use.

About the end of the 14th century, English churchmen revived the practice of polishing ecclesiastical ware. Looking about for a term to describe a burnished piece, they borrowed the old Latin word and modified it to *polite*. From the care paid polite gold and silver vessels, the word came to be associated with elegance and refinement. By the middle of the 18th century, the word was being used to mean courtesy in general.

Webb Garrison.



# You're Younger Than You Think

*And you can stay that way by  
teaching the old dog new tricks*

By RAY GILES

Condensed from *Better Homes & Gardens*\*



**H**OW YOUNG is "young"? How old is "old"? In your 30's you probably consider yourself still youthful. Actually, a lot of aging has already taken place in your body.

Even before you were born, senile changes had occurred in certain blood vessels. You "aged" rapidly when you were a child. Your metabolism slowed substantially during the period between infancy and your 20th birthday. Chances are, at 20 your hearing was less acute than it formerly was, and your knees less supple. By the time you were 30, your arteries may already have begun to harden.

At 50 you may feel that it is now too late to be changed for the better. Wrong again! At almost any age, simple regard for the rules of good living will be to your advantage. Even at 65 you can increase your personal life span by reducing. But if being overweight is your problem, why postpone reduction?

Why not, at 35 or 40, begin to enjoy the better health and greater energy that accompany normal weight?

Between the ages of 40 and 60, the most critical period of aging occurs, warns Dr. Edward I. Stieglitz, a leader in the science of geriatrics. "It is in this period," he observes, "that the changes which will ultimately disable begin and that we can hope to accomplish something by preventive measures." So, the worst of all mistakes can be neglecting your periodic health examinations, which may disclose trouble while it can still be nipped in the bud.

Between the ages of 30 and 40, a thorough health examination every two years may be often enough; but after 50, such an audit should be had every year. Its importance may be gauged by the fact that out of 10,000 businessmen who were examined, it was possible to tell 8,870 of them how they might enjoy bet-

\*1714 Locust St., Des Moines 3, Ia. January, 1954. Copyright 1953 by the Meredith Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

ter health. Many degenerative diseases give no early warning, like pain or changed health, at all. As you grow older, your sense of pain diminishes. This is, at best, only a mixed blessing, because it can make you feel all right when something is entirely wrong. Only a competent medical examination can tell the state of your health.

In his book *The Second Forty Years*, Doctor Stieglitz reports, "Aging slows down as you grow older. This is one of the compensations for later years." At 50, most of your worst aging is already behind you. That may be why older people often tell you they don't feel much older at 70 than they did ten or 15 years earlier in life.

That is not to say that at 50 or 70 you will have the zip you enjoyed at 30 and 40. You won't. But do not make the mistake of believing that as your physical energy lessens, your mind must slow down also. It shouldn't, unless you let it. Surveys show older people giving up too many of their hobbies, interests, and other mentally stimulating pastimes. This only speeds the aging process. It ends up with "doing too many things for the last time and too few things for the first time," to quote the definition of old age supplied by Dr. Martin Gumpert.

The modern program for better living after 50 begins with realizing how much better off we are than our parents were. We have not only more years to live, but better health

than they had after 50. Even more exciting are the opportunities all around us to make far more of our unused capacities for lifelong enjoyment and progress than any previous generation has known.

Too many of us believe that we will die at about the same age as our parents did. It still is an asset to have long-lived ancestors, but now almost anyone can look forward to a long life. If your parents died before they were 60, you should ask yourself, "Died of what?" Suppose your father died of tuberculosis or pneumonia and your mother of diabetes or influenza. These and many other diseases are no longer as fatal as they were.

After 50, we need to strike out for mental adventure, and with confidence. An interest in the stars, an itch to paint, or the desire to acquire a brand-new skill for full or part-time employment after retirement should be indulged to the full. We can disprove the ancient saying, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

Listen to some of those who are studying the mental capacity of older people. In his book *The Years After Fifty*, Dr. Wingate M. Johnson declares, "The mind should be at its very best when one is 40 and should continue to be a first-class thinking machine until the proverbial threescore years and ten." Dr. Howard W. Haggard says, "The faculties of the mind may stay young, even into the 90's."

Authorities agree that any slowing down of the mind is very gradual; some say, "almost imperceptible." The ability to learn, concentrate, and be creative should exist into advanced old age, though you may need more frequent rest periods. Some mental faculties actually improve with age, like the ability to arrive at sound judgments. This is because increased life experience gives both depth and thoroughness to thinking.

More and more grandparents are returning to school. There are now more students in adult-education groups than in all our colleges and universities, and more older men and women taking correspondence courses and attending trade schools. Roughly, they sort into four groups, as follows.

Group 1 wants to earn more money. Teachers, mechanics, businessmen, and others take courses which will make them more valuable in their work.

Group 2 wants new skills in homemaking. Women learn tailoring, home decoration, fancy cooking; men learn cabinetmaking, plumbing, shopwork, home repairs.

Group 3 goes in for cultural enjoyments like sculpturing, painting, or weaving; or learning to appreciate art, music, literature, and philosophy. Some play in orchestras, sing, act, dance.

Group 4 does exactly what the experts urge older folks to do. They are preparing, definitely and intel-

ligently, for better living after 50. Just as they studied books and took courses earlier in life to make good in their work, then planned and studied to be successful as marriage partners and as parents, so they now prepare for continued growth and enjoyment after 50. Like the ancient Greek Aeschylus, they discover that "to learn what is new is to remain ever young!"

Doctor Haggard says that even very old persons should study difficult new subjects, like law and foreign languages, for mental stimulation and continued growth. Striking proof of the teachability of older people is contained in the 1952 report of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging. Here Dr. Irving Lorge of Teachers college, Columbia university, tells how readily difficult subjects may be mastered by older men and women who resolutely kick aside that "old-dogs-can't-learn" complex.

In teaching a difficult foreign language, Doctor Lorge found no difference between the learning capacity of older students and young ones. It was the same with stenography.

The chairman of the committee, State Senator Thomas C. Desmond, made a survey among 75 trade and correspondence schools. "It proves," he reports, "that even the elderly can learn self-supporting skills when courses are carefully chosen." A weaving school reports graduates

up to age 70 setting up in business. Men and women well past 50 have become successful in hotel work. Grandmothers take beauty courses and open shops. A law school reports two male graduates, one 75, the other 96, who passed their bar examinations with flying colors and are now successfully practicing law.

Here is a pattern of lifelong activity, growth, and satisfaction. Unlike older people in 1900, these men and women of today have no time or opportunity to "feel so useless," "on the shelf," or otherwise trapped on a dead-end street. They will go right on living well for years to come.



### *Cracks in the Iron Curtain*

IN POLAND, the workers in a certain factory had their monthly wage reduced to 650 zloties a month. At a meeting of the workers, the communists explained why the reduction was for their benefit, and urged them to work harder and faster to build up a Socialist Poland. At the end, the chairman asked for comments from the floor.

An old craftsman named Zielinski held up his hand. "I want to say, 'Long live Comrade Minc [Poland's chief economic planner].'"

"Fine, fine, Zielinski. Anyone else?"

"But I haven't finished. I want to say, 'Long live his family.'"

"Very good, Zielinski."

"I still haven't finished. I want to say, 'May they all live on 600 zloties a month.'"

*East Europe* (22 Oct. '53).



IN VIENNA, American, French, British, and Russian soldiers share jeeps for military police duty. One group of them used to kill time by telling jokes. That is, the Western ones did, for the Russian remained silent and sullen.

The American asked, "What's the matter with you, Ivan? Doesn't anything funny ever happen in Russia?"

"Have you heard of the great canals of Russia?" Ivan asked.

"Yes," the American replied. "It must have been a hard job building them."

"Exactly," Ivan said. "They were built by people who told jokes."

*Stockholm Svenska Dagbladet.*



A COMMISSAR in Red Poland was making a periodic checkup on the farms in his district. He stopped one peasant in the fields to inquire about the production of his turnip crop.

"There has never been a crop to equal this, thanks to the glorious plan of our new rulers," the peasant reported. "If we were to place all our turnips in a pile they would stretch to the very feet of God."

The commissar was indignant. "But there is no God," he sputtered.

"Ah," smiled the peasant, "there are no turnips either."

*Wall Street Journal* (3 Sept. '53).

# The Modern Monk

*A long stint of work still follows a long morning of prayer,  
but it adds up to a beautiful day*

By BRUNO McANDREW, O.S.B.

Condensed from "From Five to Nine"\*

**T**HE DAY in our Benedictine monastery begins at 4:30 in the morning. Most of the year it is pitch dark; in summer there may be enough faint gray light to make out the homes on the street next to the grounds; all are still and dark. But inside the monastery there is a prolonged clanging of the bell; lights appear in windows, and down the dim corridor comes the caller, knocking at each door as he says, "*Benedicamus Domino*" (Let us bless the Lord). He pauses until he hears the sleeper answer, "*Deo Gratias!*" (Thanks be to God). Even after years of practice this early rising is difficult, and each monk rolls out reluctantly, trying to shake himself awake.

At 5 A.M. we go to the chapel for the opening choral prayer, Matins. Many mornings the monk struggles through Matins never completely

awake. On other days, however, when the mind does come fully awake, it has a serene clarity which is perfect for prayer. The stillness of the church, of the earth and sky outside, of the city—all help to induce an inner quiet of soul. The gradual and majestic approach of sunrise is a fitting background to the psalms. It is something like an answer to these prayers, which plead for light and warmth.



The prayers we say come to us bearing the echoes of centuries. The basic plan of our official prayer book, now called the Breviary, was laid down 14 centuries ago by St. Benedict. He chose the psalms, Scripture lessons, selections from the Church Fathers, hymns, prayers, versicles, and the incidental parts that the monk spends between two and three hours saying daily.

The "hours," or times of prayer, are called Mat-

\*Copyright 1953 by St. Meinrad's Abbey, Inc., St. Meinrad, Ind., and reprinted with permission. 59 pp. 25¢.

ins and Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline. These might be roughly explained as Morning Praises, First, Third, Sixth, Ninth hours, Evening and Night prayers. The reckoning of the hours is from ancient Roman time; and the First Hour meant actually the first hour of the day after the sun had risen—about 7 A.M. Matins starts about an hour before sunrise, and is always immediately followed by Lauds, which is supposed to correspond with the rising of the sun.

When we pray in choir we sing the psalms *recto tono*, on one note. In this monotonous hum there is under the surface the raw material of song and poetry. At times, inspiration may make recitation a sweet and pleasant labor. But it is not in search of such inspiration that the monk rises so early to pray. He knows that the more important thing is saying the prayer regardless of passing moods. The monk's feelings have nothing to do with the success or failure of prayer. Choral recitation is work, and most monks look on it as such; St. Benedict refers to it as the "work of God."

Monastic services are open to the public, but not conducted merely for them. They are directed first to God, then to the salvation of the monks' souls, and finally to the good of mankind. It makes no difference whether anyone from outside the monastery is there or not.

Most of the world's work is done under like circumstances. Take the post office. There thousands of letters are sorted and sent daily by men unseen by the public. But if one of them began sending letters according to his own whim, the public would know about it very soon.

Monks also direct messages, spoken ones, to God, and they have their bearing on the common welfare. If they are lax, they are failing in their duty. As monastic prayers are more fervent, as more men devote themselves to the work of God, the spiritual level of all humanity will rise. It is with this in mind that the monk appears daily before God long in advance of the working world: to plead for himself, his brethren, and all men.

Sometime before or after 6 A.M. Matins and Lauds are completed. About this time the first sign of the world outside comes to our ears; it is the morning milk truck, which rumbles up to the back door and deposits several large cans there. This is also the time for the first Masses of the day. These are private Masses said at altars throughout the monastery with only the celebrant and his server present.

Time for private reflection, too, is encouraged in the monastery, and one of the periods for it comes directly after the private Mass. All the monks file back into their stalls and kneel in perfect silence for

some time, each turning his mind to God in his own fashion. This practice is called mental prayer, and is the complement to spoken prayer. All monks are carefully trained in it, and most constitutions make it a rule for every monk to spend at least a half hour every day in its practice. After this, the first of the "little hours," Prime, is recited. It takes only about 15 minutes, and the same is true of the other little hours, Terce, Sext, None, originally said at the third, sixth and ninth hours in Roman time, but now recited sometime before 9 A.M.

Between Prime, finished about 7 A.M. and the conventual or public Mass, about 8 A.M., there is a pause to break fast. Meals in a monastery are neither sumptuous nor meager. Monastic food is probably simpler than your food, less varied and without trimmings, but equal in amount. The austerity here which might be observed by a visitor is the appearance of the dining hall, or refectory. Its floor is uncarpeted, its walls bare stone, and its tables, varnished wood without covering.

On ordinary days each monk serves himself from a table containing cereal, eggs, toast, and coffee; on fast days there is only unbuttered toast and coffee. At the other meals, every monk except the superior takes a turn in serving his brothers.

Shortly before 8 A.M., the tower

THE SECRET of monastic routine is in the cumulative effect of repetition. The simple prayer, "*Deus in adiutorium meum intende, Domine ad adjuvandum me festina*" (Hasten, O Lord, to my aid) is used as the opening line of each of the seven daily monastic periods of prayer. Therefore this prayer is said 2500 times in a year. The monk who reaches his silver jubilee (no great feat) will have said it more than 50,000 times, and it has become ingrained in his soul, like a pearl slowly formed by nature. It will help to determine the whole attitude of his soul toward God at all times.

bell is rung for conventual Mass. The monks line up in the corridor leading to the church, and remain there in silence for a few minutes—a custom known as *statio*—in order to prepare the mind for Mass. This Mass is called conventual because the entire membership of the house, the *conventus*, usually is present. It is always sung, the Community serving as choir, and is celebrated in turn by each priest of the house.

The full performance of the Church's liturgy is one of the tasks that monasteries have specialized in, mainly because they have the facilities to do it. Parish priests are often hindered by other duties, or



a lack of assistants and choir. A good-sized monastery is one of the best places in which to see the unabbreviated form of any of the Church's public religious ceremonies.

A little before 9 A.M., as the monks file out in silent procession from conventual Mass, another bell sounds. This time it is not a sweet and solemn cadence from the tower, but a strident electric clang from the school, next to the monastery. Already about 100 boys are gathered in the corridor, awaiting opening prayers of the school day.

When the procession has arrived in the passageway, all the monks turn and bow to the abbot, who always walks last; and immediately the restrained and ceremonial bearing of the monks dissolves into a business-like hurry to get to various jobs. Mail is distributed on a table in the common room; coats, hats, books, papers are seized; a car draws up to the front door for the monks who go to the near-by university. We have from ten to 20 minutes to get from Mass to our daily work.

Amid the superficial confusion in the common room, there are five orderly directions in which the monks move. First, the lay Brothers proceed to the manual work of the house. Then the novices, after a few chores around the church and sacristy, retire to the novitiate, a part of the building reserved to them. Next, the juniors set out for

the university, where they carry on college or seminary studies. The priests make ready for a day of teaching. Lastly a few of the elderly monks retire to their cells to write conferences or sermons, or, in the case of the very oldest, to await a better world where there is no rush of time. At 9:05, an unbroken stillness reigns over the cloisters and chapel. After a long and rigorous morning of prayer, the monks have gone forth to a day's work equal to that of people of the world.

Four classes make up the hierarchy of a modern monastery. At the top is the abbot, whose word is final if he wishes to use all his authority. He usually consults the council or the monks before making major decisions. At the bottom in authority are the lay Brothers, who do the manual tasks and forego advanced study and priestly Orders. After four years of trial, they are ready for lifetime vows, and work as cooks, carpenters, tailors or handymen.

The novices are first-year monks who intend to become priests. The novitiate is their year of trial, during which they are grounded in all the basic essentials of monastic living. They study the rule of our Congregation and the customs peculiar to our own monastery. They learn the art of mental prayer and spiritual reading; how to chant the Divine Office, to sing Gregorian music, to read aloud to the Community during meals, and to be of

assistance in the chapel and house. The novice also has a daily period of manual labor to help keep him in good physical condition for the hours of study and prayer.

The purpose of the year is to form a judgment on whether a person has a monastic vocation. The novice may leave at any time. Three times during the year the council meets to discuss whether the novice shows enough promise to be kept. Near the end of the year, every person in the house is called separately before the council and asked his opinion of the novice; after this, a secret vote is cast by all the monks. If the majority approve, the novice may become a junior.

A junior takes his vows for three years, and these cannot be changed without some formal release. The three customary vows of all Religious Orders are chastity, poverty, and obedience. By them a person gives up to God, as represented by the Church and his Religious superior, three natural human rights: by chastity, the right to marry; by obedience, the right over his own will; and by poverty, the right to property. Their purpose is to aid in living a life of perfect dedication to God.

The juniors are the students of the house. They immediately take up their education where it was interrupted when they entered. Four years of theology lie ahead of the college graduate, provided he

already has the required philosophy; six years of study before the minor-seminary graduate; and eight years before the high-school graduate.

After a minimum of four years' trial, a junior is ready to become a full-fledged monk. Every monk in solemn vows is there by his own choice, and he has much independence. If it seems paradoxical to say this of a person whose every act is done under obedience, remember that the state was a free choice and that obedience frees as well as restricts. It is something like a railroad track: it aims all movement in one direction, but greatly facilitates it. That direction is towards the improvement of the soul.

About 4 or 5 P.M., the monk is able to drop the burden of the day's work, and return to the silence of his cell. His day has come round a full circle, beginning with morning prayer and contemplation, and returning to it after his working day. There is a comparatively free hour here at the day's end; monks make use of it according to temperament for their physical or mental refreshment. Some may be seen laboring on the grounds in plain work clothes, others may be in the library or chapel, and some may take a 30-minute nap.

A few minutes before six, the tower bell rings for Vespers, the prayer of twilight. This is the most beautiful of the canonical hours. It is always sung. Less rigorous

than Matins, less solemn than Mass, Vespers seems to have been placed here by the Church as a graceful tribute to the day's close. Who does not feel the mood of music at sundown? Then, the world seems to call attention to her own beauty. With deepening shadows and colorful highlights, she presents herself in an aspect of loveliness to men as they lift their eyes from work. That is the natural mood of contemplation, the raw material of prayer. All it needs to become true prayer is to be directed to God as the author of all beauty.

After Vespers, from 6:30 to 7 comes dinner. There is no talking during meals. Instead, one of the monks reads aloud to the others.

After dinner, from 7 until 7:45, we have recreation, which really means a time for us to get together for informal conversation. There are two such periods in the day: immediately after lunch at noon, and after dinner in the evening. During most of the day, the monk may not waste his time in idle talk, although no hesitation is shown in talking over matters of business. At night, after we have gone to our cells, we do not communicate at all, except in case of necessity, and then we write out what we wish to say. The Trappists have become famous for their rule of perpetual silence. They, however, have a number of strict practices which are not observed by most other monks.

The last prayer hour of the day is Compline, immediately after recreation, about 7:45. The chapel is in total darkness except for two tiny points of light from the candles on the altar. The low murmur of the choir, the darkness of the church, make Compline one of the more dramatic hours, a good one for the visitor to begin with. Here he senses better the real atmosphere of monastic living than during the busy day. He can see briefly and essentially what a monastery is: a small group of Christians, separated from the world by dress and manner of life, under a superior, and dedicated to a life of prayer in common before the dwelling place of God.

At the end of the recitation, an antiphon to the Blessed Virgin is sung; then the abbot passes up and down the lines of monks, sprinkling each of them with holy water. This is his final benediction of the day. Then come several minutes of complete silence, in which the monk makes a brief examination of conscience. At a sign from the abbot, the hour is ended, and the monks are free to go to their cells or remain for private prayer in the chapel.

Now is the time of silence; the profound stillness which reigns everywhere brings out the contemplative character of monastic life. In walking through the halls, the monks place their hoods up over their heads, and pass one another

without sign. Since Compline is over a little after 8 P.M., there is still an hour or two for study, and usually the monks spend this time preparing the next day's lessons, whether as students or teachers. Sometime between 9 P.M. and 10 P.M. the lights in the windows disappear one by one, until the house is left in total darkness. There is no precise regulation about the time for retiring, and a few exceptional monks may work late into the night. But most are in bed sometime before 10 P.M. The long day has come to an end.

What a beautiful day it has been!



### *Prophecy . . .*

A VISITOR to the Soviet Union was ushered into the office of a director of a model factory. He was impressed by an imposing production chart on the wall.

"Oh, yes," said the director. "During the first year we produced only 5,000; the second year, 50,000; the third year, 500,000. This year we'll probably manufacture a million."

"A million?" gasped the visitor. "A million what?"

"These," said the director. He handed his guest a neatly printed card which read, "Out of Order."

*Berks Bank Bulletin* (Oct. '53).



### *. . . by Rakosi*

RAKOSI AND NAGY, Hungarian communist leaders, were inspecting various public buildings in Szeged. After their visit to the school, the principal asked for new roofing, more fuel, more employees. After listening to the list, Rakosi said, "All right, I will grant the school a special allowance of 1,000 forints." Next, the two visited a prison. There the same list of requests was made. But this time, Rakosi granted 1 million forints.

As they walked out of the prison door, Nagy turned to Rakosi and commented, "Matyi, I don't understand. You give the prison, where the enemies of the People's Democracy are confined, a million forints, but the school only gets 1,000. Why?"

Replied Rakosi, "Don't you understand? Neither of us will ever have to go to school again."

*News From Behind the Iron Curtain* (Dec. '53).

# My Escape From a Sunken Sub

*The stars never looked so bright*

By COMDR. EDWARD YOUNG

Condensed from "Undersea Patrol"\*

**L**T. M.R.G. WINGFIELD, captain of our brand new British submarine *Umpire*, stood on his bridge peering anxiously ahead through binoculars. He had come up in response to a message from the radio operator about an approaching convoy.

It had long since grown dark. Suddenly a dark shape appeared ahead of the *Umpire*. It was a trawler, detached from the nearest column of the convoy we were expecting to meet and pass. Wingfield saw that we were directly in its path. In the next second, Wingfield realized that it was alarmingly near us, and apparently unaware of our presence.

According to rules, Wingfield

should have veered to starboard. But only 200 yards in that direction the line of southbound merchant ships formed an impenetrable barrier. The bow of the trawler struck the *Umpire* with a sickening crash. We were off the English east coast.

The sub lurched to port, and for a few seconds the two vessels stayed locked together. During these seconds, Wingfield clutched the trawler's side as it swung in towards him. Then the trawler fell away, and Wingfield found his boat sinking under him. In fewer than 30 seconds she plunged under, leaving Wingfield and three companions in the water.

Presently, one after another, the three lookouts dropped out of the



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small circle, and when at last the trawler's boat was launched, only Wingfield was there to be rescued. He was unconscious when he was pulled aboard.

When the captain had left the submarine's wardroom to go up to the bridge, 1st Lt. Peter Bannister and I (I was Wingfield's 3rd Hand) were there, decoding a routine wireless signal. When we heard the captain's emergency order, "Hard-a-port!" we pushed back our chairs and stood up. Our eyes met in question and alarm.

We stumbled out into the passageway, and Peter at once ordered, "Shut watertight doors!" Almost immediately we heard another urgent yell down the voice pipe, followed by a violent crash forward in the torpedo-stowage compartment. Then came a blue-white flare and the muffled thump of an electrical explosion.

The boat rocked to port, stayed there a few seconds, and then slid drunkenly forward and over to starboard as she began her plunge to the bottom. If the water were deep here, its weight would crush us like an eggshell.

Most of the lights had gone out. Men were running past us from the next compartment. Peter was yelling, "Shut that door!" I kept my hand on it, letting the men run through, disobeying Peter because I hadn't the courage to deny any of them a chance. Somehow, the further door to the damaged compart-

ment had shut. Whether it was blown shut by the explosion or deliberately closed from the inside in a last nameless act of self-sacrifice, as the sea came flooding in, we shall never know.

"Shut that bloody door!" repeated Peter in a fury. But by now all the men from the intervening compartment were through. With some difficulty, because of the angle of the boat, I pulled the door up towards me and clamped it shut.

I turned and struggled up the tilting deck into the control room. The boat was listing to starboard and sloping forward at an angle of about ten degrees. Water was pouring in from what seemed to be a hundred places.

Peter was struggling with the outboard battery-ventilation valve overhead, acutely aware of the fatal danger of chlorine gas if the sea water should find its way into the battery cells under the deck. I reached up to help him, glad of something positive to do.

But the valve was already shut, as it should have been. Only later did I realize that all this water must be coming down the ventilation shaft, now open to sea pressure. I thought that the shock of the collision had cracked the hull and started rivets along the whole length of the ship. Surprisingly enough, no water was coming down the conning tower; presumably the upper hatch had fallen shut.

I found a flashlight, and splashed my way back to the control room. I shone my light on the depth gauges; to my surprise, they read only a little over 60 feet. We were in very shallow water, with the bow presumably resting on the bottom. I asked Peter whether it was possible to float her up. Peter thought it would do no harm to try, so one by one he opened valves which normally blow the water tanks and lift the ship. But the depth gauges didn't even flicker.

The sea continued to pour in on us, with a terrible and relentless noise, and the water in the compartment grew deeper every minute. As the level crept up the starboard side, live electrical contacts began spitting venomously, with little lightning flashes. Vaguely, I wondered if we were all going to be electrocuted.

In the half-darkness the men had become anonymous figures, desperately coming and going. There was no panic, but most of us, I think, were suffering from a sort of mental concussion.

I discovered one man trying to force open the watertight door that I had shut earlier. "My pal's in there," he was moaning, "my pal's in there."

"It's no good," I told him; "she's filled right up for'ard and there's no one left alive on the other side of that door." He turned away, sobbing a little.

I returned to the control room.

It was completely deserted by then.

I heard a near voice. I looked up. I was standing under the conning tower. In it, to my infinite relief, I saw Peter with an able seaman and one of the ERAs (Engine Room Artificers).

"Where have you come from?" said Peter.

"Where's everybody gone?" I retorted. "Any room for me up there?"

"We ought to be able to squeeze you in. The others are going to escape from the engine room."

I climbed up through the lower hatch, grateful as never before for the company of my fellow creatures. Four of us in the tiny space made a tight squeeze. Peter was at the top of the ladder, with his head jammed up against the upper hatch. The seaman was halfway up the ladder, and wedged against the side of the tower, leaving just room for me and the ERA standing below, with our feet on the edge of the lower hatch. The ERA was in a bad way, vomiting continuously and hardly able to stand.

In the center of the upper hatch was a small porthole made of glass thick enough to withstand tremendous pressure. Peter said that he could see a glimmer of light through it; he supposed it to be from a searchlight of some waiting vessel. This made him think we ought to be able to swim to the surface. We figured that we were only 45 feet from the surface, say



the height of eight men standing on top of each other.

"Shut the lower lid," said Peter, "and let's just think this out." I bent down and shut the hatch. We agreed that to wear Davis escape gear would be an unnecessary complication. We hoped (vainly, as it turned out) that we might be assisted in our rise to the surface by the bubble of air which would be released from the conning tower as the hatch opened.

The drill was simple. Peter would open the hatch, and as the water came in each man would fill his lungs with air and climb out as fast as he could. Except for the poor ERA, we were by now quite calm, even cheerful.

At last, Peter said, "Well, the next thing is to see if we can open this hatch against the sea pressure." He tried twice, and the second time managed to lift the hatch slightly off its seat, allowing a trickle of water to come through.

"O.K.," said Peter. "Well, boys, take your time. There's no hurry. You say when you feel you're ready."

I said I was for having a go at once, before we weakened ourselves any further with foul air, and the others agreed. We stripped down to vest, pants, and socks.

"Here we go for 14 days' survivor's leave," said Peter cheerfully. "We're off!" He pushed up the lid.

I took as deep a breath as I

could, and then the sea crashed in on us. There was a roaring in my ears, a blackness everywhere. There was nothing for it but to fight for life with all our primitive instincts of survival. Hauling myself up by the rungs of the ladder, I found my head obstructed by the seaman. I pushed up at him, his heel struck me in the face, I pushed again, and then we were through the hatch and clear of the submarine. I swam upwards with quick, jerky breast strokes. It seemed a terrible distance. Time stretched out of its normal span until I thought my lungs must surely crack before I reached the surface. And then suddenly I was there, coughing, spluttering, gasping in great drafts of the sweet night air and drinking in the blessed sight of the stars.

The sea was fairly calm, with no more than a gentle popple. Seeing two heads not far away, I called out. They were Peter and the seaman, both in good heart. We could see no sign of the ERA.

We could make out the dark shapes of several ships around us, so we began shouting to attract attention. Some of them were throwing searchlights on the water, and one of these seemed to me nearer than the rest.

"Come on," I said, "Let's swim to that nearest one," and began swimming towards it with my rather feeble side stroke. I pressed on for a few minutes, imagining the other two were following me.

After a while I could see no sign of them, although I heard them shouting.

I seemed to be swimming for a long time. Whenever I looked, the ship seemed to be as far away as ever. Surely, after all this, I was not going to drown in sight of safety? I began to grow exhausted. Suddenly I heard voices shouting, and the churning of propellers. I turned to find a searchlight blazing in my eyes.

A heaving-line shot out; I grabbed it, and was hauled in. A sailor clambered down the net and helped me onto the deck, where I fell into the arms of two officers. Groaning for breath, with my lungs half full of water, I must have appeared in a worse state than I was. While they wrapped me in blankets and hustled me below I managed to tell them that there were some more of us out there in the water and many others still down in the submarine trying to escape from the engine room.

In a cabin below they rubbed me down and put me into a bunk. I lay there shivering from delayed shock. Half an hour later they came and told me that our men were starting to come up from the bottom. I couldn't bear to stay in my bunk while this was happening. I wrapped myself in a blanket and tottered along. They were coming up at fairly frequent intervals, strange Martian creatures with their escape apparatus, goggles, and

oxygen bags. They were covered with black oil which had floated up from the bilges when they flooded the engine room for the escape. But they were half intoxicated with their unexpected return to life.

There had been enough escape sets for all but two of the party. Two men had volunteered to go up without them, each holding on to the legs of one of the others; one of these was never seen again. A final roll call showed that the only other casualty of the engine-room party of 20 was a civilian passenger.

It was only afterwards I discovered that, half-way through the escape, the chief engineer decided to make sure none of the escapers was getting caught up in any obstruction. He clipped on the oxygen mouthpiece of his escape set, made his way out, and walked about on the outside casing of the submarine. Then, although he could easily and without shame have made his ascent to safety, he climbed back into the engine room once more and carried on with the business of supervising the escape. Not until every other man had left the compartment did he make his own getaway.

For his part in the escape Chief Killen was later awarded the British Empire medal.

It was not until the destroyer landed us at Yarmouth that I heard that Peter Bannister was missing.

# A Night Club in Rome

*Where Bricktop sings at midnight*

By L. G. WALMSLEY

Condensed from *De Volkskrant*\*



**I**F YOU'RE IN ROME and trying to do what the rich Romans do, you'll try to get into Bricktop's. You'll have trouble getting in, because it is built to hold only 40 people, "just big enough for kings and their friends," Bricktop says. To be small, cosmopolitan, and sophisticated is the grand tradition for Roman night clubs.

You get into it through an exotic flower shop almost opposite the American embassy in the heart of Rome's Via Veneto just at the end of the "Mad Half Mile." It opens at 11 P.M., when other places are closing. There is no dancing. You will just sit around and drink and talk and wait to be entertained.

The entertainment comes from Bricktop herself, an American colored woman who has been in Europe for 20 years or so. She sings the songs that made her the hit of prewar Paris. Once in a while, other Negro singers join her. It's a quiet place; the haunting songs in the dim candlelight serve as interludes to your own conversation.

There is no frenzy of excitement. Even so, visitors are shocked that so many priests should recommend the place to them.

When they have been at Bricktop's a few hours they find out why. Bricktop approaches their table, and hands them a little card that reads, "The only things a man can take with him are those that he has given away." Then Bricktop tells her guests about Castello Ticino Boys' Town up in Novara.

"Listen," she says earnestly, "you got to fight in life. You got to fight poverty, and fighting poverty means fighting something else, our biggest political enemy. Maybe you don't know that there are Boys' Towns and Boys' Towns and that those in the hands of the comics have better things than ours—better meals, better equipment, better blankets, better tools. We've got to change all that." After that kind of appeal, Bricktop's guests give generously.

Bricktop was born Hattie Smith

\**Nieuwe Zijds Voorburgwal 345, Amsterdam, Holland. Nov. 19, 1953. Copyright 1953, and reprinted with permission*



in West Virginia many, many years ago. She grew up, and started out in cabaret life in Chicago, and she has seen the bright lights all over the U.S. But it was Paris that made her famous. Everyone loved her, kings and comics, the famous and fatuous, millionaires and racketeers, the merely wealthy and the really wicked. She is gray-haired and fat now, but she is still popular.

It was in Paris, ten years ago, that Bricktop suddenly became a Catholic. She decided that she had to move to Rome, "to be near the Pope," she explains. After the war, she decided that she had to do something to compete with the communists in caring for the thousands of derelict boys who swarmed through the ruins of Italy.

"You can get all sorts of things out of a whisky bottle," grins Bricktop. "I'm even trying to get milk for my babies." She started her night club to raise money for the Boys' Towns that were springing up outside every big Italian city. Most were having trouble.

The Boys' Town at Civitavecchia, near Rome, founded by Msgr. Carrol-Abbing, was well organized. But another, near Modena, Noma-delphia, founded by Don Zena, went bankrupt, and its founder had to face the bankruptcy court. Another priest, Don Guido Visen-

daz, went bankrupt, too, and more unlucky, was jailed.

Orphans of Italy, Inc., was started by two Italian priests, Father Oreste Cerri and the half-American Father William Porter Carloni. They were chaplains during the war, and came back with the idea of saving the orphans of soldiers who had died fighting the Russians.

When they were given an old bombed house overlooking a lake on the Swiss border, they thought they were secure. They didn't realize how much money, food and clothing for more than 100 people a day would cost. There were supporters in the beginning, but charity tapers away.

Bricktop came to their rescue. "What I did was to get their running expenses, food, light, heat, and bare clothing necessities. When they gave me a figure I knew how far I could go and they knew where they stood. The extras they try to find for themselves." To date, she has handed \$131,000 over, 20% of it her own money.

Bricktop met some nuns on the church steps one afternoon. They explain best what she is doing. "There are few people in the world who can do your job," they said. "Don't stand around talking to us. You get right out of here and over to your own place."

**TROUBLES**, like babies, only grow by nursing.  
*Your Name Newsette* (June '53).

rough stones away. The rocks were taken to points along the pioneer

1800's. Often, the neighbors "changed work" during the rush



*Thirty acres supplied 150 years of happiness*

## Song of the Soil

By RUTH M. RASEY

Condensed from *Nature Magazine*\*

GR EAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S home meadow gave sustenance to his family for five generations. Those 30 acres were the first land that he cleared in the mountain wilderness. He gained title to them shortly after the Revolutionary war.

Throughout the long, hot summer days, the oxen standing by, Great-great-grandfather Zachariah and his six sons felled the forest pine, oak and maple to clear the plot of land. Many of the great logs were two to three feet in diameter. The men hauled the logs by ox team down the Vermont mountainside to the sawmill and brought back the planks and boards to season for building their house.

With homemade shovel, crowbar, and mattock, they loosened the gigantic stumps. These the faithful oxen then dragged to the meadow-side, where they would be upturned to make the boundary fence and wind-breaker.

Patches of flint rock made a grim barrier to plow and scythe. Dynamite was not yet available. So the stalwart John, Silas, Perez, and Abel, ranging from 13 to 20 years old, helped their father burn and dig out the great rocks.

Arduously wielding their heavy tools, they dug a six-inch trench around each stone. Into this trench, they packed dry and broken tree branches, Oliver and Joseph helping. Oliver was 11 and Joseph seven. The boys piled a thick layer of branches over the top of the rock. Great-great-grandfather fired the twigs at intervals with live coals brought on a shovel from the hearth of their near-by log shack.

For more than an hour the branches burned, frequently replenished. When the rock shimmered in the heat, countless wooden buckets of water from the clear, cold brook were flung on it. Great cracks broke the jutting masses of stone wide open. Finally, repeated firing and drenching made the rocks vulnerable to pick and shovel.

From earliest dawn until after sunset, man and ox dragged those

\*1214 16th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. December, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the American Nature association, and reprinted with permission.

rough stones away. The rocks were taken to points along the pioneer cart track for its future roadbed, or to the meadow's edge, later to be painstakingly worked into a permanent wall.

The following May, rich soil yielded to spade and homemade moldboard. It was a full 12 inches of soft black humus, built on the ancient forest floor by decaying leaf mold.

Dreams of next winter's fare for his pet brown calf glowed in little Joseph's eyes, as he pulled thistles from the thriving patch of corn. And how he gloated over the prospect of flapjacks, when bees led him to the hollow tree that held dripping wild brown honey.

When the early snow came that fall, the season's harvest was gathered into the family's new clapboard home and crude barn. The men had toiled early and late to complete them. That harvest was the first in a panorama of 150 harvests that great-great-grandfather and his descendants reaped from their hill acres. At last, the farm was sold for reforestation and a summer home.

There, each spring, the fields of wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, and rye were sowed by hand. There, each autumn, the heavy-kerneled stalks whispered and fell to the scythe, cradle, and corn knife. Later, they bowed to the horse-drawn mowing machine that made its first clattering appearance in the late

1800's. Often, the neighbors "changed work" during the rush seasons.

There, too, each October, the bleaching green blades of the corn shocks rustled their secret of golden ears to the round orange-colored pumpkins that sunned at their feet.

Those ears were hard-earned treasure. Well do I remember riding the weathered wooden marker when I was a five-year-old. I would sit on the handles as father drove our gray team, Dan and Joe, back and forth across the harrowed field to mark the rows. Well I remember, too, helping, in later Mays, to drop the five kernels of corn to a hill, two feet apart in those marker tracks. Bob would follow with a hoe, covering the seed with sun-warmed earth.

But potatoes were this meadow's banner crop, even the common varieties of the earliest years. Then, on June 30, 1863, grandfather swapped a buckboard for a barrel of Early Rose potatoes, getting \$27.50 to boot. Thereafter, they and such other choice varieties as Great Divides, Mortgage Lifters, and Green Mountain Beauties all richly rewarded the tedious labor of dropping by hand each eye-scored segment. We would hoe the long rows of the four-acre lot beneath the blazing July sun. Through blue September days, we dug with a hand hoe the great nuggets from their dried-vine-thatched hills. A ready market always awaited those

satin-skinned, snow-fleshed potatoes.

Bob, Joe, Sally, and I used to pick up innumerable basketfuls of culls to be boiled in the great black cauldron kettle for the pigs and chickens. We would marvel at this wonder of nature. From bits of shriveling old potatoes, thrust into spring earth enriched by barnyard manure, could come that which, in lean times, was man's sufficiency.

Grandfather, too, marveled over his meadow, knowing the joy of accomplishment as he followed his furrows. In a paper for his Farmers' club in the 1870's, he wrote: "Seeding, growth, and harvest compose the plan of the Power that governs the earth. The plow is the instrument of promise, the preparation for the seeding as the first step in the plan. Urgency is upon the plowman as he turns his long, straight furrows, opening the heart of the land to the husbanding sun."

Joy was equally upon him, as he and his team paused to rest at the end of a furrow. Peepers in the near-by bog were chanting their happy chorus. Bluebirds, bobolinks, and blackbirds now and again would swoop to the rich repast revealed by his plowshare. Their songs awakened an answering song in his heart as he leaned on his plow handles. A sense of peace and of oneness with the universe possessed him, as it had possessed his fathers and would possess his sons, while he lifted his eyes to the

neighboring mountains and planned to seed his meadow.

At last, snow pressed dead stalks, weeds, and stubble back into the earth to enrich the soil for another season's growth. Then he wrote upon his diary's page, "To die is gain."

A narrow strip of meadow near the wall was not disturbed by the plow for many decades through the 1800's. That was the place where the hop vines grew. The tendrils clung to the wall and yielded an abundance of green blossoms and catkin fruit. Those prized plants were hoed and weeded as carefully as the corn and potatoes; from them would be made the yeast for the family bread.

When great-great-grandfather moved his family to his hill farm, he also brought with him a bundle of apple whips from the Bennington orchards. That each might have plenty of sunshine, he set the whips at random over his cleared acres. Even to my day, we picked greenings from the gnarled old tree at one side of the meadow; russets from another, Blue Pearmain from





a fence corner; Northern Spies and snow apples from the slope where the hay grew thickest.

Gale and bee and sun so capably tended trunk and bough that abundant crops were produced there for scores of years with little or no assistance from man. The usual yield was 100 bushels. It supplied great-grandmother and three successive generations of housewives with their dried apple cake, boiled cider, apple butter, pies, pan dowdy, and other tempting dishes concocted from the cellar bin.

Besides the cultivated crops, numerous wild ones brought good eating, in their seasons. Sally and I looked forward to picking the milkweed greens and the lush red strawberries as part of each June's delight. Tender young milkweed greens, cooked with home-cured ham, were followed by a plump, brown-crust shortcake, filled with deep layers of sweet, crimson berries. Such fare could fortify a man to face his heaviest task with a song in his heart.

Crops were annually rotated in two, three, and four-acre sections throughout the meadow, to give the soil a chance to "rest." Timothy grass and clover were frequently seeded into a large portion of the meadow, to provide hay. Besides, the roots of the yellow alsike, white, and red clover were known to be host to potent restorers of the essential soil nitrogen.

How we young ones loved to

play hide-and-seek among the meadow's fragrant haycocks. How we loved to stuff sugar bags with its sweet-smelling blossoms for pillows for our playhouse. The honeybees, too, gave us their choicest combs when they had fed upon its nectar.

The weeds and herbs had a way of creeping into the hay lots. Those also supplied valuable aids for the ailing. Among them was the squaw weed, or wild aster, with its purplish white blossom about the size of a sixpence. Notes for its use read: "Bruise green roots and leaves, pour on hot water, and infuse 15 to 20 minutes. Pour off, and add sugar and milk. A little spirits added acts as a preservative. This is a good remedy for rheumatic and nervous afflictions."

The lacy white bloom of the thoroughwort, the pink blossomed Joe Pye weed, and the lovely Queen Anne's lace (wild carrot) all contributed likewise to the family medicine chest.

Great-aunt Harriet's favorite cough syrup, tightly corked in an ancient black bottle, stood always beside her Bible on her candlestand at the head of her bed. Her recipe stated: "1 oz. each of flaxseed, stick licorice, slippery elm, and thoroughwort. Simmer all together in 1 qt. soft water till strength is extracted, then strain and add 1 pt. best molasses and ½ lb. loaf sugar. Simmer again 20 min. Enough cannot be said in its favor."

Enough could not be said in

favor of the annual field of flax in the home meadow, either, thought great-aunt Harriet. It was she who spun the flaxen thread and wove the linens for half a century. She spun and wove for not only her father's household but for her numerous brothers' and sisters' households, as well. Thousands of yards of towcloth and brown homespun for the family's clothing, and flawless linen for sheets, pillow slips, towels, and tablecloths had their beginning in the field at the top of the hill.

Medicine, clothing, shelter, food, and joy in living—all were supplied by that mountain meadow. But to insure abundant provision, the acres must be fenced from invasion by wandering animals, by teamsters cutting crosslots, and even from thieving winds that lift the topsoil.

The upturned stumps and broken rocks of great-great-grandfather's original clearing were inadequate for both space and time. Rail or snake fences supplemented the several rods of wall. Even to this day, those century-old hickory crutches and rails may be seen here and there, fagoting the boundaries of woodlot and meadow. Here and there, too, may still be seen sections of the weathered board fence, supported by hand-split oak posts, which later replaced some of the wall, which was torn down to renew a roadbed.

The raspberry and elderberry

bushes and chokeberry trees established themselves early beside wall and rail and post and board. The earliest owners toiled endlessly against that brush, knowing that the roots sapped a good 20-foot margin of soil of its moisture and vitality. But grandfather, analyzing the labor of rebuilding the wall, toppled over by animal intruders, decided for the brush.

Besides, he loved to look out across his new-ploughed fields checkered by flowering fence rows. He valued, too, the bird-life sheltered there. The brown thrasher, catbird, and screech owl, were his allies in ridding his fields of insects, mice, and other pests. Today's "living fence," so widely recommended by scientific farmers, is but grandfather's hedgerow refined and come of age.

The voices of that meadow, as interpreted by our mother, brought early inspiration to us young ones. As we listened to the honk of the wild geese against a gray November sky, we learned through her that we, too, had a goal to achieve. It was a goal toward which instinct must guide us, as it guided the flying wild wedge above us. The brook, singing beneath green willow or its roof of ice, on its way to the far sea, had a lesson, too. It reminded us that we, too, were a part of the universe and one with our Maker, remote though we also seemed from our source and our destiny.

# Who Is Wrong About Rights?

*Those who know the Declaration of Independence know*

By JAMES KELLER, M.M.

Condensed from "*All God's Children*"\*\*

I WAS having dinner with some college students. Among them was a young man I shall call Tom, a senior at an Eastern university. He impressed everyone with his comments on current topics.

He was doing fine until he began to talk about rights. Then, without realizing it, he made several statements which were out of line with American traditions.

"Tom," I said, "I'm a little confused about your idea of the rights of man. Where do you think they originate?"

The young man seemed to grope for words. One of his friends, endeavoring to help him out, said, "Tom, aren't you trying to say that a man's rights come from the state?"

"Yeah, that's it!" Tom replied, "I suppose they do. I don't know where else they would come from."

Another voice from the end of the table broke in. "But that's just what Hitler said, and what the communists say now."

Tom was embarrassed. I asked another question, "Well, Tom, what about the 63 million displaced

persons in the world today? They have no country; what about their rights?"

Tom brightened up and said, "I guess they haven't any rights."

I was much taken aback at this. I asked Tom how he had ever reached that conclusion. "Well, if you can't exercise your rights, you don't have any rights," Tom replied.

I smiled. "That's a new twist on rights. Suppose," I said, "you had inherited some money. But it was tied up in an estate for several years. Do you mean to say that because you couldn't exercise your right to that money, that you had lost your right to it completely?"

Tom blurted out, "That's my money!"

I had hit on a sore spot with Tom. For he had been left an inheritance which had been held up, for three years, pending settlement of the estate. But he had not the slightest doubt that the money was his, even if he could not obtain possession of it for years. Tom turned to me. "O.K., what's the real story on rights? Where *do* our

\*Copyright 1953 by the Christophers, Inc., and reprinted with permission of Doubleday & Co., Inc., Hanover House, Garden City, N. Y. 292 pp. \$2.

human rights really come from?"

"Well," I replied, "every human being gets his basic rights from God. That means that all of us possess the same rights, since we are all children of the same God. That's the essence of democracy as we know it in this country.

"That was the idea on which this nation was founded. The men who settled our country put the God-given concept of rights down in black and white in the Declaration of Independence. They made it clear that man gets his rights from his Creator, *not* from the state. They also made it clear that the state exists to protect and preserve the God-given rights of every individual."

The expression on Tom's face showed that he agreed. He said quietly, "That makes sense to me! But here I am finishing college. How come somebody didn't pound this into my head a long time ago?"

This story is remarkable. A young American like Tom could go all the way through school, from primary grades to his senior year in college, without really understanding a fact so well expressed in our Declaration of Independence.

Unfortunately, Tom is not an exception. His case is becoming all too common. It is common enough to make us ask ourselves if we are depriving our youth of their full heritage in our schools.

On the other hand, Tom is typi-

cal of most American students. Like him, they gladly accept a true and reasonable position once it is shown to them. Practically all Americans believe in God; one would expect that our schools would show Him the recognition that is His due.

The fact is that there has been a serious neglect in giving God His proper place in the field of education. This is due both to neglect by most of us and to the relentless efforts of a handful against God. This handful make it their business to eliminate God from all spheres of influence, the classroom in particular. We have come to look on almost any form of education as a magic cure-all. We have unconsciously concluded that all education is good, just because it is education.

We must wake up to the fact that education can be good, bad, or indifferent. Then we are likely to do all we can to promote the best in education, to see that our classrooms develop the physical, intellectual, and spiritual side of each young American.

The one thing that all totalitarians have in common is their determination to banish God from every sphere of public and private life. They know that the least recognition of Him slows up their objective of reducing man to a puppet of the state. The more they succeed in eliminating any thought of a higher Power, the easier it is



to depersonalize and brutalize their helpless victims.

America grows in size and complexity. As she grows, there is danger that we may lose sight of the fundamentals upon which our country is founded. American education could become so preoccupied with incidentals that the essential ideas and values would be forgotten.

Education in America has rendered a tremendous service. It can play an even greater role in the years ahead. But it can do so only if it does not miss primary truths by becoming bogged down in secondary objectives. It is easy to become so involved in techniques that one loses sight of the chief purpose of education. Difficult as it is to keep "first things first," we must do so or pay a heavy penalty for generations to come.

God is the Beginning and the End of all things. To exclude Him from any area of life, particularly education, is like leaving the main-spring out of a watch. Our students must learn in school the great facts of human life: God, man's nature and destiny, and what the wisdom of the ages teaches us about these facts. Difficulties will arise in working out this preparation for life, but the difficulties should not become obstacles. We must educate

the whole man for the full life.

Bringing God back into all American education would not be adding anything new. It would be merely restoring the recognition of the Creator that characterized American education from its very beginnings until recent years.

The first teachers in America were the family and the church. Then came the private religious schools. Next came religious schools aided by the state. Finally emerged the state-supported and state-controlled public schools.

These public schools at first strove to include a proper recognition and respect for both God and country in their curriculum. Only in the last 25 years has there been a slow but steady trend toward completely secularistic and materialistic teaching.

Far more dangerous to us today than even the communists are those who would exclude God from education. In most instances, they are well-meaning people who little realize the consequences of the ideas they foster. They remove God from the lives of the young and put nothing substantial in His place. They leave the student an incomplete person. They create a vacuum that is too often later filled with false values. Those who stand for nothing, easily fall for anything.



**WE DON'T** get ulcers from what we eat, but from what's eating us.

Tex. McCrary.

Parades for Sale



# Parades for Sale

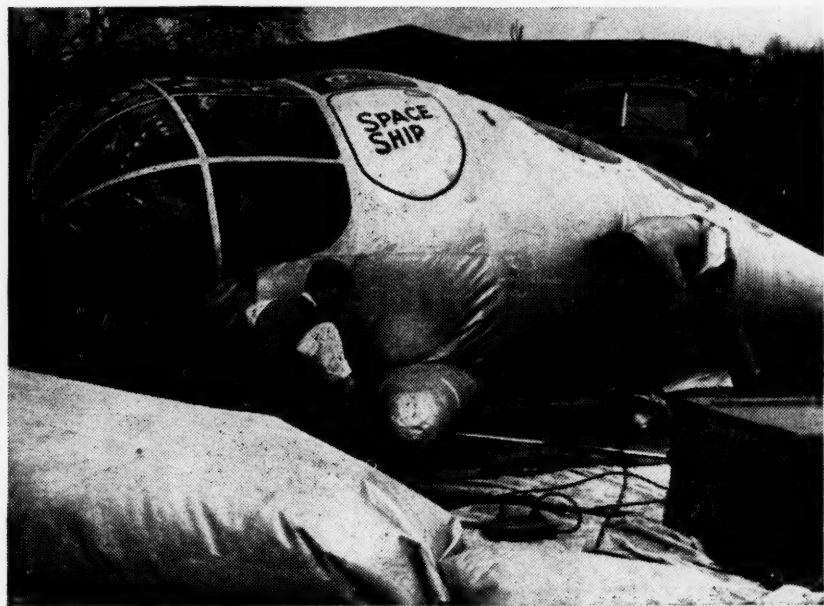
Macy's balloon parade gives a young Frenchman an idea

**W**ANT TO BUY a parade? You can have it, any length up to a mile, and up-to-date for the small fry.

The floats, the balloons, the clowns, inflated and real, and the music are made to order for the beanie set. Your city can order it like a housewife orders so many pork links. All the well-known characters of the comic strips and

fairylend are available. So are the 100-foot dragon, and Pluto, Pinocchio, and all the others just out of Disney cartoons. Several Mardi Gras parades this month will include huge balloons like the giant spaceship on this page.

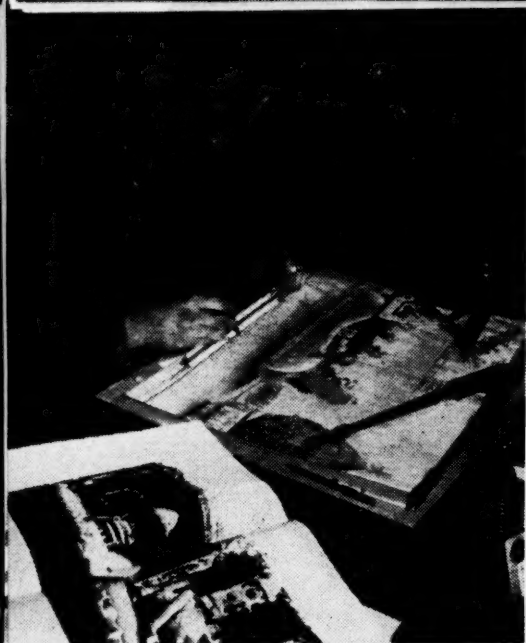
A French-American, Jean Abel Gros, makes these gigantic shows. He sells them to cities all over the nation. Years ago, when he saw his



A technician attaches an electric air blower, and the spaceship swells to parade size.

← When you're not so close, it's easy to see that it's a clown atop that elephant.





Jean Gros designs most of the balloons.

first Macy parade in New York City, he wondered why such a marvelous show could not be staged elsewhere, too.

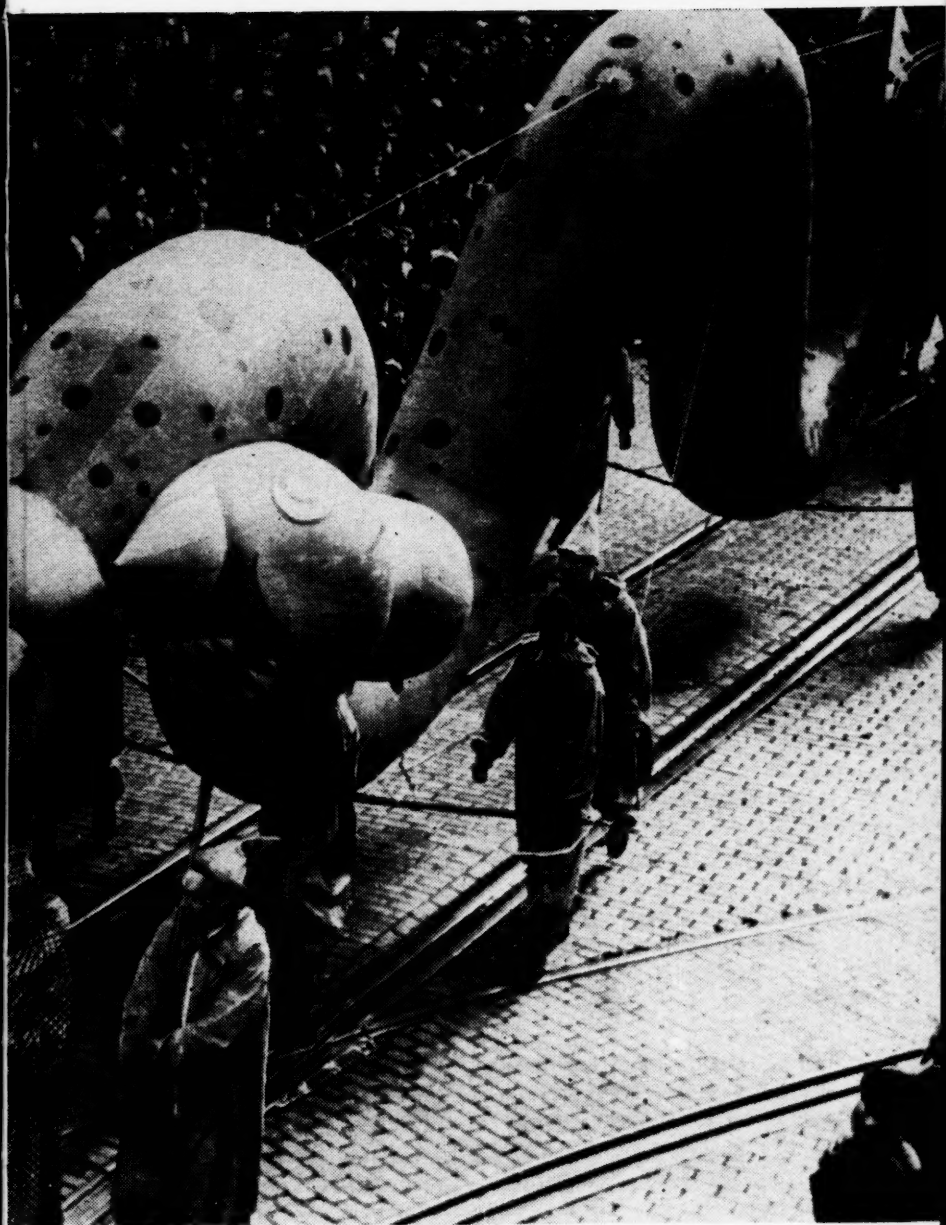
It could not, of course, because most of America's cities have a trolley-car system with overhead wires that inevitably obstruct the passage of towering balloons.

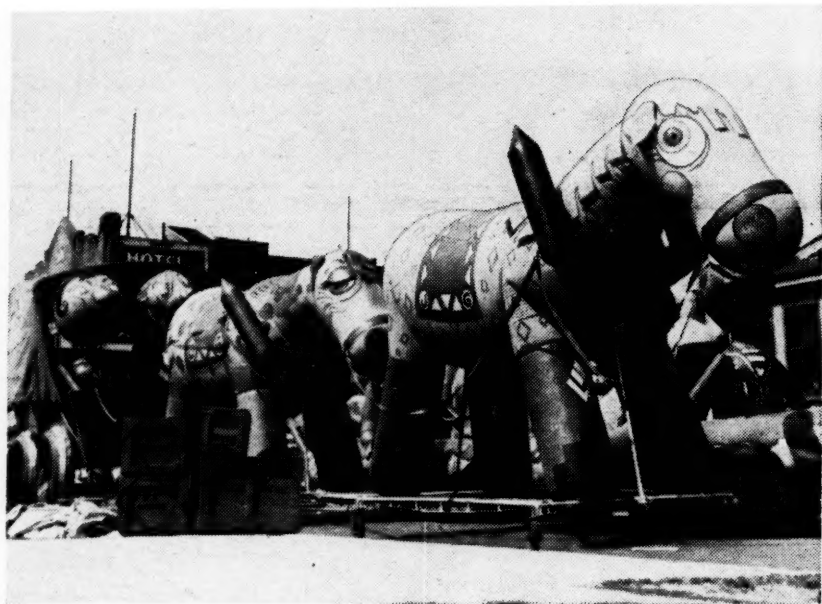
Jean Gros hit on the idea of designing a string of carnival characters that would stay on the ground. They could pass safely underneath trolley wires. His idea worked.

At his Pittsburgh, Pa., headquarters, Jean Gros has been creating the images of boys' and girls' dreams in plastic and rubberized

The clowns carry the 100-foot serpent.







cloth. He draws most of his characters himself, taking them from storybooks and comic strips. Models are carefully scaled, assembled, and gaudily painted by skilled craftsmen. The material inflates easily and quickly enough for a fast-paced parade.

Above all, the balloons are pin-proof. Not that kids are destructive, they just can't resist the temptation to try, just once. But even if there should be a blowout it would not affect the whole character, because it is subdivided into airtight compartments, each with its own inflation valve.

The figures are mounted on specially designed low undercarriages. A staff of more than 20 persons is busy all the time with maintenance work and the replacing of over-age pieces. Gros has 250 stock

Photos by Robert Halmi—Camera Clix

characters worth almost \$30,000.

The show is on the road all year round, marching down many a Main street, complete with clowns and music, as the contract may provide. Customers are local department stores, chambers of commerce, or various community organizations. They get their packaged parade for anything from \$1,200 to \$6,000.

And when a show is over (sometimes they are staged in several cities simultaneously) there is one advantage over the circus: the beasts need not be fed, caged nor housed. As the air escapes from their innards, the huge figures simply fade away, and wait till they are neatly folded up and packed into wooden boxes for a ride to the next parade.

# Chancellor Adenauer of Germany

*He has restored his country to respectability  
in the family of nations*

By KEES VAN HOEK

**T**HE WORLD calls it the "German miracle," this astonishingly speedy recovery of an utterly beaten people. They pulled themselves by their shoestrings out of the rubble of razed towns, to rebuild their country within eight years into one of the most prosperous, orderly, and dependably democratic nations in all Europe.

Within eight years after unconditional surrender, Germany proper (though still without its Eastern half, still occupied, and not wholly sovereign yet) has been restored to the world's councils, has become in fact a great power again.

Many influences contributed to this startling metamorphosis from vassalage to partnership: generous American aid and stupid Soviet policy; the tireless energy of a race which loves work for work's sake; but foremost, the leadership of one man, Chancellor Konrad Adenau-

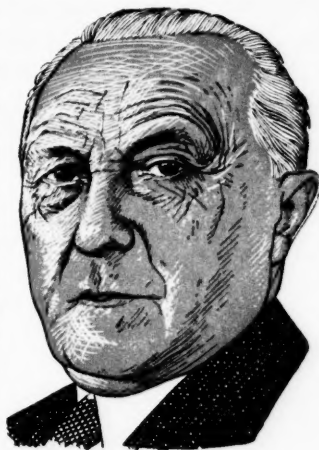
er, whom Churchill calls "the greatest German statesman since Bismarck."

The third of four children (all of whom he survived) of a cultured Rhenish middle-class family,

Konrad Adenauer was born in 1876, in the Bismarck era, in Cologne, where his father was registrar of the Court of Appeal. To enable all their three sons to study (one became a professor of law; the other, dean of Cologne cathedral), the Adenauer family had to budget thriftily. One year the children volunteered to

forego the usual special Sunday dinner, to save for a Christmas tree.

Konrad wished to study law and economics. In the best German tradition, he went to various universities, choosing Freiburg, Munich, and Bonn. He was graduated but did not write a thesis; his Doctor's degrees are honorary, all seven of



them. His first job could best be translated as assistant district attorney in Cologne. Later, he practiced for some years as a lawyer. In 1901, he entered the Civil Service. He was 31 then, a rather handsome young man sporting a Kaiser moustache and a high stiff collar. Rising steadily in the city administration, he was deputy mayor (like mayor, an appointed administrative and not an elected political post in most continental countries) and food administrator by 1917.

That year was the year of the accident which changed his jovial Rhenish face into an almost Mongolian mask which the sallow complexion of old age has since accentuated. On a slippery, blacked-out winter night, his driver dozed at the wheel of his fast traveling car. Both men woke up in a hospital. Adenauer had a severe concussion of the brain, and was in need of an immediate facial operation. A deputation of the Cologne city council came to visit him at the Black Forest clinic where he was convalescing. Adenauer playfully maintains that their bedside appearance was not just brotherly affection, but that they wanted to make sure that he was still "all there," so as to be able to succeed to the important post of *Oberbürgermeister*, or Lord Mayor.

During his 15 crowded years of office he became Cologne's greatest mayor. He founded a great university, a big trade fair, secured ev-

ery possible advantage, from the first Ford factory in Germany to wide, parklike, circular boulevards and a green belt. Cologne nicknamed him *Der Erbauer*, Konrad the Builder. His fame traveled wide. He was elected president of the Prussian Council of State (nobody thinks of the Rhineland as Prussia, but administratively it was a Prussian province) and was twice offered the chancellorship of the *Reich*. He refused because he could not get the many parties of the Weimar republic to agree on a stable governmental program.

Then came Hitler and 1933. Adenauer, a leader of the Catholic Center party and from the earliest days a convinced supporter of Count Coudenhove's Pan-European movement, had always treated the nazis with flinty scorn. When in March, 1933, drunk with their election victory, they wanted the swastika flag flown from his venerable Gothic town hall, he absolutely refused.

Goering, prime minister of Prussia, promptly fired him from all his high posts, and the mob was set against him. Cologne's great citizen had to flee his city. He spent a year in the famous Benedictine monastery of Maria Laach, where the abbot was a boyhood friend from Cologne grammar-school days.

He was arrested after Hitler's "night of the long knives," when the Roehm plot made a good excuse for the nazi assassins to get rid

of as many of their enemies as they could manage. The leader of Catholic Action, for instance, was pumped full of bullets at his desk in Berlin. Fortunately, nothing much happened to Adenauer, except expulsion from the Cologne province. For Christmas, 1934, he got a three-day special permit allowing him to visit his family. The next year they all moved to Berlin, but there Adenauer (who as a wine drinker does not mix easily with schnapps drinkers) felt like an uprooted tree. He went to Rhoendorf, on a picturesque bend of the Rhine at the foot of the Seven Mountains, and there built himself the house where he still lives.

For ten long years Adenauer seemed forgotten. He never kowtowed to the nazis nor compromised with the regime. In his complete retirement he occupied himself only with his family and his rock garden. Rose growing became his hobby. He read a great deal, mostly history and art. After the plot on Hitler's life, of which he knew nothing, he was suddenly arrested again by the Gestapo; Himmler was determined not to leave any possible non-nazi successor to German leadership. Adenauer's jailer (who had once been in his Cologne city service as a park attendant) warned him that they meant to shoot him. He managed a transfer to a hospital where a friendly doctor let him escape. He hid in a lonely country mill un-

til the worst fury was spent, and then allowed himself to be rearrested. Meanwhile, his wife had been put in jail. After a short while they were both freed.

When the end of the war came, Adenauer was in his garden. He had to fling himself down as the first American tank came firing through Rhoendorf after the Remagen bridge brought Patton's army to the left bank of the Rhine. A few weeks later the Americans ferreted him out and appointed him mayor of Cologne.

The proud city of 600,000 prosperous citizens, from which he had been expelled 15 years before, now looked like a modern Pompeii. Hardly 40,000 people had survived in holes and cellars under the still smouldering ruins. No other German city was so completely blitzed (over 80%). The sight and sound of it must have torn the heart-strings of this born and reared *Kölner*.

His second term of office, however, did not last five months; a British officer fired him for incompetence. The real reason was an interview which he had given to an American newspaperman, in which Adenauer had demanded a bare minimum of food, fuel, and clothes for his remaining citizens. Adenauer had based his demands on the logic that "the total surrender demanded from the vanquished implied total responsibility of the conquerors."



Adenauer is too big a man ever to have nursed anti-British feeling over this slight, which was but the annoyance of one officious officer. Whoever he may have been, Germany can be grateful to him. But for this dismissal, Adenauer would never have found the time to occupy himself with the organizing of a new national party, the Christian Democratic Union. The party appealed to Catholics and Protestants alike to build a new state on Christian foundations.

Adenauer traveled by unheated train or borrowed car all over Germany, complete with rug, and with his own ersatz coffee in a thermos flask, and a few slices of bread wrapped up in his attaché case. Conditions were severe in those first postwar years, and the new party leader, just 70, had to start from scratch under the most strenuous conditions. When the allies summoned a parliamentary council in 1948, to submit a blueprint for a constitutional government, Adenauer was elected chairman.

With the unhappy example of French and Italian party politics before him, he used all his influence to create a strong executive. In this the Socialists supported him, believing that they would emerge as the majority party. But after the first general election, in 1949, it was Adenauer who scraped through as chancellor, with 202 out of 402 votes. Adenauer's strong personality soon made his government one of

the most stable on the Continent.

By the time another general election was due, in September, 1953, Germany had built 2½ million dwellings, and the people's savings (wiped out when a new Deutsche mark replaced ten of the old reichsmarks) were mounting again. The new currency was now as hard as the Swiss franc; workers' buying power was even greater than before the war. Germany, too, was clearly impressed by Adenauer's prestige abroad. The crowds in the cinemas watched and heard with lumps in their throats the U.S. army band playing the German national anthem while the chancellor laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National cemetery. They saw, too, the British guard of honor which awaited him at London airport. Adenauer now stumped the country from the Baltic to the Alps. He gave 50 major speeches. Everywhere, huge crowds rose spontaneously as he entered. Cool, didactic, frequently repeating his old-fashioned way of address, "My very honored ladies and gentlemen," occasionally using a happy quip or a broad piece of humor, he explained his policy not of a Germany first, but of a Germany secure only as a member of a European federation. Yet the result of the election seemed in some doubt. Many clamored for the vote of the 33-million electorate. This time, the electorate included some millions of ex-nazis who had



been still disfranchised during the previous general elections, millions of refugees and unemployed living a bare existence; and millions of young new voters to whom war was but a dim memory.

The result surprised the whole world. Adenauer won everywhere, even in Socialist strongholds. The communists, neo-nazis, and their fellow travelers were swept out completely.

Adenauer did not sit up through that exciting September night to listen to the radio. "I am not the type to waste time speculating to-night on what I will know for sure tomorrow morning." But on that morning, he ordered the green-and-white flag of Europe to be hoisted over his office together with the German tricolor. His was a victory for all the West, a defeat for Moscow. He could have formed a cabinet of his own party on the absolute majority which the electorate had given him. He chose, instead, to widen his existing coalition so as to be sure of the two-third majority essential for constitutional changes, should his plans for European integration demand this.

His policy can easily be summarized: Germany belongs to the West, free Europe must hang together or every free European country will be hanged separately by the Russians.

Never once a soldier, Adenauer favors a German *Wehrmacht* as an indissoluble part of a European de-

fense force. He is the most ardent champion of French-German understanding. At home, his first task is to help bring about a truly democratic reunification of all Germany, based on a prosperous and strongly allied Western Germany.

In the present federal republic, his foremost aim is integration of the 10 million refugees from the East. A devout Christian, he realizes all the moral dangers that beset an already overpopulated land, and sees the state's prime task to be that of making them useful citizens. He is resolved not to repeat the mistakes of the Weimar republic, which by exaggerated liberalism permitted its enemies to destroy its democratic institutions.

Adenauer recently entered upon his 79th year. But for his face, he does not look like an old man. Tall, erect of bearing, brisk of movement, elastic of stride, with his square shoulders thrown back, he has never looked better or felt better in all his long life. He hails from good, sound stock and has had great patience. When I asked him point-blank where he gets the stamina for his grueling daily task, he replied slowly and simply, "I believe that God has entrusted me with a task, and where He sets the task, He gives the strength!" His pale blue eyes lit up for a moment. He has never lost the Rhinelander's untranslatable *Gemütlichkeit*; nor the deep affection of a true Christian for his fellow beings. No

doubt, he has the ideal poker face for long and difficult negotiations. But in conversation, his face seems to become all thought. He speaks without passion or pathos; he has never been known to get nervous or excited. He has respect for the opinions of others, which he weighs meticulously before dissecting them with knife-like logic. He is a man of the old school, whom age and experience has made very wise. He now appears somewhat lonely under so great a burden. He is hard to budge. When occasionally he does change his view, he quips that one gets wiser every day. He is a hard bargainer, a wily negotiator, a tireless tactician; the Old Fox, as he is affectionately called in Bonn, has worn out generals and high commissioners. He was never afraid of unpopularity with his own people. In the early years, he reminded them often that they had lost the war and that he was originally appointed as a kind of receiver in bankruptcy.

His days are spent between his home and his office. Home is Zenningsweg 7A in Rhoendorf, a steep roofed, one-family house on a slope which is reached through the rock garden by 53 steps, which he mounts every day without pausing for breath. A Madonna guards the house from a niche above the front door.

He has some fine old masters on his walls, and likes Persian rugs, but does not collect old watches or

clocks. He gets up at 6 every morning and is his own alarm clock. He gets his best ideas, he says, while shaving. He dresses, reads the papers, breakfasts, and has already done an hour's dictation by the time his car calls. His black Mercedes, which flies the chancellor's personal pennant, is fixed up with an adjustable table and a built-in radio, on which he occasionally listens to a play or a football game on long journeys. His driver can never go too fast for his taste: 75 mph is Adenauer's favorite speed; a police car always precedes and follows him.

A quarter of an hour, crossing the Rhine by the new Bonn bridge, brings him to his office, the Schaumburg palace, the former residence of the only sister of the last Kaiser. It is but two minutes' walk from Parliament. His day is severely scheduled, the schedule constantly checked by his leather-strapped wrist watch, and mostly spent in his handsome and cheerful room. No other prime minister's room that I know is so beautiful yet entirely without pomp. A few fine paintings from the state collections adorn the walls. A standing clock softly ticks time away. On a small side table stand autographed portraits of Eisenhower, Churchill, McCloy, and De Gasperi. Behind his desk watches a Madonna (at home, a crucifix), and the small door near by leads to a room in which he lies down for an hour after lunch.

He likes a cup of tea in the afternoon, drinks an occasional glass of hock in the evening. He tries to be home again for supper, eager to know how the hens have been laying, what the "children" have been doing, how the garden is. Since he has now no time to go to concerts, he has acquired a magnificent collection of tape-recorded Bach, Beethoven, and Tschaikowsky, and of his beloved Schubert *Lieder*. One of the records he treasures is *The Bells of Maria Laach*, poignant remembrance of hard years which seem now very far behind. He does not smoke, but does not object to others smoking. He goes to bed fairly early, relaxes with a thriller, sleeps soundly.

Dr. Adenauer married twice, is twice widowed. His first wife, a granddaughter of the Cologne city architect and an art connoisseur, died in 1916, leaving him two sons and a daughter. Konrad, Jr., is an industrialist; Max, the present Cologne city manager. He has four children by his second marriage with Augusta Zinsser, who died in 1948. She was a cousin of John McCloy, the former American high commissioner in Germany, and of Lew Douglas, former American ambassador in London. Of his second family, Paul is now a curate; Lisbet married a businessman, nephew of Cardinal Frings of Cologne; Georg, the chancellor's youngest

child, studies law at Bonn university; and Dr. Lotte Adenauer, who acts as hostess for her father and accompanies him on his journeys abroad, has just become engaged to a young architect who at one time studied for the priesthood and who is a close friend of Father Paul Adenauer.

That the Adenauers are a distinguished family is easily proved by the chancellor's handsome sons and his attractive daughters, not to speak of his 13 grandchildren, most of whom he proudly presented personally to the foreign representatives who had come to his daughter's engagement party a few weeks ago.

Even at home he is master of his domain. He is consulted about meals and flowers and will break important engagements to help his daughter choose her wedding gown. And when he goes to Mass on Sundays at the small Rhoendorf parish church, he disdains a seat in the all too few pews—"they are for old people"—so he stands among his fellow parishioners and joins in the hymns.

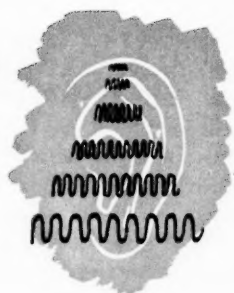
When in the fullness of time his epitaph will be written, it might well be: "Konrad Adenauer, Christian." The mainspring of all his life and work is the deep, simple, and great faith which has made him perhaps the greatest Catholic layman of our time.

# Transcribed Music Gets Clearer

*Hi-fi's tweeters and woofers bring 100-piece orchestras right into your own living room*

By HARRY DAVID

Condensed from the *Town Journal*\*



**I**N THE SHOWROOM of the Lundgren Audio-Visual Co., of Rockford, Ill., two sober-faced customers suddenly dropped to their hands and knees in front of a large phonograph speaker. They felt the floor shake under them and had their eardrums pounded unmercifully. Even at a distance of 20 steps it felt as if they were sitting on kettle drums. After the booming, thunderous music of Wagner's *Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla* was over, they got up, deafened but satisfied.

So would you be, once you recovered from the shock of high fidelity's violent power. For the limited transmitting ability of current radios and phonographs has been overcome, opening up a new musical experience, full-range music. Not only all of the audible octaves, but all the "color" of music is yours. That's why this year another 2 million Americans will put hi-fi sets into their homes, spending between \$300 million and \$400

million. The average 1954 convert will pay between \$300 and \$400 per "rig" (a hi-fi set made up of components, as opposed to the commercial sets now getting into mass production).

High fidelity means faithfulness to the original performance, whether it comes to you by way of FM radio or your record player. The music loses little or nothing during transmission; you hear it the way the orchestra actually played it.

Does that mean that you have been missing something in the music you hear on your present radio or phonograph? Yes.

To understand high fidelity, you need to know what a musical note is. Stretch a rubber band and pluck it; the vibration produces a sound. The faster the vibration (the higher the frequency), the higher the note you hear.

For example, when Les Paul twangs the opening note of *Tiger Rag* on one of his guitar strings, the string vibrates 200 times, or

\*230 W. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. January, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

cycles, per second (cps). Your rubber band may produce the same note, but it doesn't sound the same. Why?

This is why. The guitar produces more than the basic note (fundamental). It also produces numerous higher-pitched overtones, or "harmonics" (400 cps, 600 cps, etc.). Blended with the fundamental, these overtones result in "color" and richness in music. The more overtones, the richer the sound.

The ordinary radio or phonograph can't bring you overtones higher than 6,000 cps; but your ear can hear twice that range, in exceptional cases, even up to 20,000 cps. That's why a trumpet loses its sharp clarity when heard through regular equipment; the phonograph isn't giving you all your ear could hear.

In much the same way, you miss the rich deep tones of an organ. Your ears can hear tones as low as 20 or 30 cps, but the ordinary phonograph doesn't transmit below 150 cps. Loss of all these high and low frequencies kills the "color."

High-fidelity started in the mid-30's, when some music-loving electronics pioneers realized that ways could be found to improve reception with better equipment. They started to tinker with the record changer, the amplifier, the pickup and speaker; and small manufac-

turers began incorporating the improvements.

Not until LP records and FM radio hit the market, did high fidelity become popular. The small radio-parts makers suddenly found themselves swamped with mail-order business. Increasing numbers of Americans learned strange new words: *tweeters* (small speakers, designed to reproduce high frequencies), *woofers* (large speakers, producing the lows), *whiskers* (fuzzy high notes), and *wows* (wavering tones of unevenly revolving turntables).

In late 1953, the big radio firms entered the market with mass-produced hi-fi sets. As a result, the audio enthusiast now has a choice of both "rigs" and pre-assembled sets. "Rigs" cost as little as \$150 (or as much as \$2,000) but even low-priced parts give you a performance far better than anything you heard in the pre-hi-fi era.

With hi-fi's full tonal range, the orchestra sounds as if it were right in your living room. There is a feeling of vastness in the music: strong, powerful bass tones; trumpets that sound like trumpets; an awe-inspiring "closeness" to the orchestra.

Eugene Ormandy, famous conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra, says that high fidelity "represents the most important contribution to music within recent times."

*The mastermind of the winningest team  
in the country has no easy job*

## Leahy of Notre Dame

Condensed from *Newsweek*\*



**E**VERYWHERE that the Notre Dame football team went last season, they found another wheed-up opponent dug in and quivering to get at their throats. Their every move on the field was watched or heard by millions scattered over a fair-size piece of the world. Their concluding game with Southern Methodist at South Bend, in addition to being televised nationally, was described on a 115-station radio hookup, "The Irish Network," which reached across the nation and up into Alaska and out to Hawaii and the Philippines. For television there was a 13-theater chain showing the games on Saturday afternoons and a 45-to-60-station setup on Sunday nights.

Irish football players couldn't show their young (18 to 22) faces anywhere without being besieged by newspaper photographers. Reporters interrupted their meals and sleep and their dressing, and above all, their concentration on the next game. Even at home, where their stadium rises in solitary trimness

on a patch of Indian prairie two miles outside of South Bend, the far-roaming Ramblers (6,200 miles this year) found no respite. Eighty-one newspapers and wire services were represented at one South Bend game this year, and Notre Dame set a new four-game home-crowd record of 230,884. Since the end of the 2nd World War the Fighting Irish have never failed to draw more than half a million cash customers a year.

On the road, they were forever shoulder-deep in autograph hunters, old Irish players, old grads, and "subway alumni." In Philadelphia on Nov. 7, after a stirring 28-20 victory over Penn, it took a flying wedge of assistant coaches and police to get Coach Frank Leahy out of the dressing room and into his car. For the better part of 35 years, the American public has treated Notre Dame games as if each were to be positively the last appearance of the greatest football show on earth. Leahy's record for his 11 years in command (with two years out for wartime naval

\*Broadway and 42nd St., New York City 36. Dec. 7, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Weekly Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

service) has made him the foremost college coach of his time, surpassing in some respects his great predecessor, Knute Rockne.

Leahy's work, moreover, has been done in a tougher game. The movement of the ball has been steadily accelerated, and defenses have become much more complicated. "Twenty years ago," recalls Joe McArdle, a Leahy assistant and a former Fordham lineman, "you had to learn one or two defenses. Today you've got to learn at least a dozen, with slants, cross-charges, and all the rest of it."

To Leahy, a rawboned tackle on Rockne's last championship squad, it seems that "football today is 75% faster and more complex than it was when I was playing." Some persons carelessly assume that his winning record must be the product of a "football factory." Notre Dame hasn't accepted a bowl invitation since its Four Horsemen and Seven Mules rode down the great Ernie Nevers and Stanford (27-10) in the Rose Bowl back in 1925. The Sugar Bowl, hopeful of tying up the surest box-office draw in the game, reportedly has offered the Irish a flat ten-year, win-or-lose contract worth well over \$100,000 annually. But a New Orleans alumnus, writing in to ask why that kind of money should be passed up by a low-endowment university receiving no assistance from Church or state, received a firm answer.

"The monetary rewards are great," wrote back Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., the 36-year-old president of Notre Dame, "but we feel that the education of our students is vitally involved, and we cannot sacrifice this for money." Even if a football player missed no classes, a bowl commitment meant one more month in which his mind was likely to be on nothing but football.

A Notre Dame football season, after paying its own bills and those of the rest of the school's athletic program (except basketball, which nets a few thousand dollars), has approximately \$200,000 left over. Yet, football players are required to maintain a scholastic average of 77, as against the school's general passing grade of 70. A player's scholarship covers room, board, and tuition, but requires him to hold a job (usually the light one of assistant prefect in campus halls). A player down in his studies is not allowed to participate in spring practice.

The season before last, Paul Reynolds, defensive first stringer and offensive second stringer, provided an example of what comes first at Notre Dame. While the team held a secret workout in Notre Dame stadium for the next day's important meeting with Oklahoma, Reynolds was off in another part of the arena going through a surveying exercise as part of a field class in engineering.



At last check, the football squad had a scholastic average of better than 82, as compared with 81 plus for the general student body (currently at an all-time high of 5,400). Only one out of 94 monogram winners since the 2nd World War has failed to graduate. A checkup on the present whereabouts of one 27-man squad of monogram winners showed that three had become lawyers; one a priest; one a doctor; one an accountant; one a county commissioner; ten, college and high-school coaches; and ten, businessmen.

The men who run Notre Dame's handsome 1700-acre campus (to which buildings costing \$10 million have been added in the last two years under the administration of Father Hesburgh and Father Edmund P. Joyce, 36-year-old executive vice president) are not ungrateful to football for either its financial or emotional contribution. After Leahy's worst season (1950, when his team was beaten four times and tied once), they gave him their stoutest vote of confidence. In addition to a public declaration of the university's regard for the man, they gave him a raise—a most unusual sort of wage increase, if local reports are accurate. The rumored raise: a guaranteed Notre Dame education for the five

sons among Leahy's eight children (ages 1½ to 17).

The school couldn't give a raise to anyone likelier to earn it. In a hard business, the man from Winner, S. D., schemes night and day for another winner. Last season he was getting up before 7, cutting his lunchtime down to a sandwich eaten at his office desk in Breen Phillips hall. Between two-hour practice sessions on old Cartier field, meetings with coaches and players and the press, appearances on radio and television, his football-season day commonly doesn't end until 10 P.M. or later. And he does not get to sleep easily. "One night," Assistant McArdle remembers, "he kept us up until 3 A.M. changing our whole defense three days before a game." The last night or two before a game, he doesn't go home (a ten-room knolltop house overlooking Lake Michigan, 35 miles from the campus).

From his players, Leahy demands "desire." He would rather have that than aptitude. Like his old teacher, Rockne, he puts a drudging stress on blocking and tackling ("They're still the meat and potatoes of football") and, like Rockne, he emphasizes intelligence: "The split-T formation (which his team employs) is based on intelligence."

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WHAT on earth are you doing for heaven's sake?

Mrs. L. J. Quinn.

# The Mary Land

*Modern transport makes pilgrimage possible  
no matter where you live*

By JEANNE T. DIXON

**T**HE SISTINE CHOIR was singing the *Tu Es Petrus*. All the people were shouting "*Viva il Papa*" when the Holy Father was carried into the Basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome. Girls waved their white veils, women dabbed at their eyes, and diplomats climbed up on their benches to see him better, including Ambassadors Clare Boothe Luce, beautiful as a cameo in a black lace mantilla.

There he was, above all the sound and color, the Vicar of Christ, an old man in white, the ermine-bordered red mozetta over his shoulders. His wonderful dark eyes looked young, in a radiant smile, as he spread out his arms in a great gesture, bending down to the people to the right and to the left and to the right again, as if he wanted to take them all to his heart. A man next to me, wearing the order of the Knights of Malta, said warmly, "He looks well; he looks happy."

"How the people love the Holy Father," I said.

"More than that, madam," he replied, "they love the man, Pacelli."

We were witnessing the opening

of the first Marian year in the history of the Church, a year in which the Holy Father wants all Catholics, and indeed all non-Catholics, to go on pilgrimages to shrines of Mary.

It had been difficult to feel like a penitential pilgrim while riding the sky toward Rome in a luxurious TWA Constellation. Medieval pilgrims walked 1,000 perilous miles across Europe, often taking a year to reach the Holy Land. Our pilgrimage, carefully planned by the Lanseair Travel Co. and Trans World Airlines, left Idlewild airfield in New York in time to reach Rome for the opening of the Marian Year.

We spent the following day visiting Marian shrines of our own choice. Then we went on to Tel Aviv for a two-week tour of Israel, Jordan, and Lebanon, returning via Cairo in Egypt. The entire trip took 26 days. Every detail was arranged beforehand.

We had made a final stop at Boston, to pick up the last of the pilgrims. There we visited the Lady of the Airways chapel and dedicated ourselves to see all the

places on the earth most blessed by Mary's presence.

An hour out of Gander a cocktail was served. Then followed a five-course dinner: chicken bouillon, lobster cocktail, steak, mixed green salad, and pumpkin pie, topped off with a split of Piper-Heidseck champagne.

Thus fortified, the pious pilgrims dozed off with a sliver of moon and a cluster of stars framed in the plane's windows. Sunrise saw us at Santa Monica in the Azores, deplaning for a glass of pineapple juice. Three and a half hours later we were in Lisbon; five hours later, in Rome.

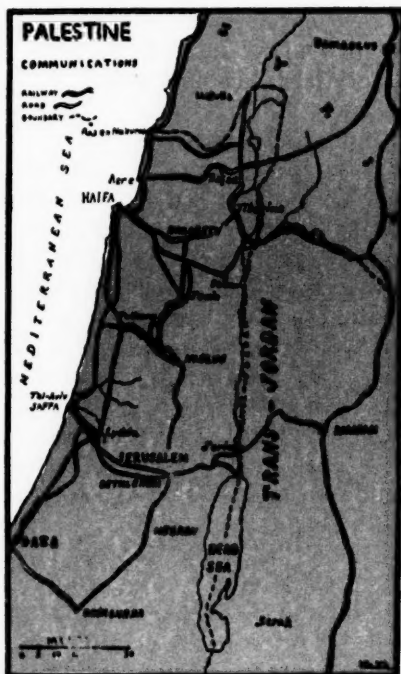
Rome was electrified with excitement over the opening of the Marian Year, commemorating the 100th anniversary of the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.\* After the benediction, the Pope, followed by the Sacred College of Cardinals, walked past us to the Borghese chapel, where, 55 years ago next April, at the age of 23, he celebrated his first Mass. Here he knelt before the picture of the blessed Mother, which legend attributes to St. Luke. All the bells of Rome began to toll, and the first Marian Year had begun.

Many think that devotion to Mary flourished only during the Renaissance, when the Madonna

became the most popular subject in the history of art. In the deep caverns of the catacomb of St. Priscilla, where we went after the ceremony, we saw the almost perfectly preserved picture of the Mother and Child and the prophet Isaias on the ceiling of a small chapel, painted only 100 years after our Lord's death. This picture is now regarded as the earliest extant image of the blessed Mother.

The next day, a four-hour flight took us to bustling Tel Aviv, a new city where Jews from all the world bear the name proudly.

In the division of Palestine, only



\*Almost every travel service offers a trip to Marian shrines in 1954. This one by Lansair (Dupont Bldg., Washington, D. C.) and TWA takes 26 days, costs \$1,339.

a few of the holy places were on the Jewish side. A car and guide provided by Lanseair Travel Co. took us to Nazareth, the charming hill town of Galilee which 2,000 years have not changed, where the angel Gabriel asked a radiant young girl to become the Mother of God.

From this very spot the name of Mary began to move across the map of the world: our own Maryland; Marylebone in England; Marienbad in Germany; Mariupol, Russia; Santa Maria, Brazil; Concepción in Chile; Asunción, Paraguay; Notre Dame bay in Newfoundland; and the Virgin Islands.

A few yards away in the same Church of the Annunciation is the chapel in which the house of St. Joseph stood. You could almost see the gentle carpenter bending intently over his lathe, happy to be safely home from the dreary exile in Egypt, with Mary near by with her Son.

This chapel is the fourth built on the same site. The first, built by St. Helena, mother of Constantine, in the 4th century, was destroyed by the Saracens. The Crusaders replaced it with one which was razed by the Turks. The Franciscans erected a third in 1620, which was ruined by the Bedouin Arabs, and replaced with the present one in 1730.

Brother Robert, an American Franciscan, who once attended Roosevelt High in Washington,

D.C., walked with us through the narrow streets of the bazaar, a series of cavelike little shops where everything from peppermint sticks to door knockers was being made. Masters and apprentices looked up from their work to call out "*Shalom*," to which Brother replied with a cheerful American "*Hi*." Grimy little boys tagged after him, the littlest ones hanging onto his cassock. A woman in western dress handed him a coin. "She's the town gossip," he whispered, "a real troublemaker. Sometimes I'd like to switch her." When we had rounded the corner, he put the coin into the palm of a particularly ragged urchin.

There are 700 students in the Franciscan school. "Nazareth boys do well," Brother said. "We have graduates at Syracuse university, the University of Washington, and other U.S. schools." Somehow, you would expect Nazareth boys to do well.

We visited a replica of the synagogue from which an angry crowd dragged our Lord to the high cliff opposite to throw him down. Our Lady, following in terror, reached the summit to discover that He had escaped. The hill, which is now surmounted by a little chapel, is called the hill of "Our Lady of Fright."

The next day's tour of the country around the Sea of Galilee could have been done with the Bible itself as a guidebook: Cana, scene

of the wedding feast at which our Lord acknowledged His love for His Mother by performing His first public miracle, changing water into wine; Tiberias, once a great city built by Herod in honor of the Emperor Tiberias, and now known principally as the place near which the miraculous draught of fishes took place; Magdala, the home of the beautiful penitent; and Bethsaida, native town of Andrew, Philip, and Peter.

At the north tip of the Sea of Galilee is Capharnaum, where Jesus made his second home, where He performed more miracles, gave more discourses than in any other town. From here, a crowd, gathering from all the countryside, followed Him to the near-by Mount of the Beatitudes to hear Him say, "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

All this area is peopled with names we know: Levi, the tax collector to whom Jesus, passing, said, "Follow Me," and he rose and followed Him, and so became the Evangelist Matthew; the centurion who pleaded, "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, but only say the word and my servant shall be healed," and Jesus replied, "Amen, I say to you, I have not seen so great faith in Israel."

Here, the man sick of the palsy was let down through the roof of the house of Simon, and, at a word from the Master, took up his bed and walked. Word went abroad,

and the multitudes pressed upon Him, listening to His words and imploring His help: and down in Jerusalem, the Sanhedrim, hearing these things, grew fearful.

Standing there in the ruins of the ancient synagogue where He so often taught, we seemed to hear His gentle, moving voice speaking the most hopeful words ever spoken: "I am the living Bread which came down from heaven . . . amen, amen, I say unto you, except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you."

And later in the day, when He rested on the hillside watching the rose sunset on the blue lake, He must have gazed down at bustling, greedy Capharnaum busily preparing for the night, and said within hearing of Luke, who was to record his words, "And thou, Capharnaum, which art exalted unto heaven, thou shalt be thrust down to hell."

Haifa, the fastest growing seaport in new Israel, is as new as Capharnaum is old. It is a thriving, modern port surrounded by enormous factories. From the top of the hill you see the white apartment houses; the beautiful temple of the Bahai, a 100-year-old sect with headquarters in Chicago; to the right, the River Esdralon, on which Moses encamped; and in the distance, the ruins of a Crusader's castle.

The entire Holy Land is about

the size of our state of Maryland. Distances are short, history is packed into a small area. In a few hours' drive south we arrived at the gates of the most tragic, glorious, and most contested city in the history of the world, Jerusalem, the Holy City.

Before leaving the Jewish side, we visited the hill town of Ain Karem, where St. Elizabeth had a country home. From Nazareth, Mary traveled 70 miles to visit her. Ain Karem is as pretty as its name, perched against the last green hill before the barren wilderness where St. John preached penance. The Franciscan Church of the Visitation is built over the spot where the joyful Mary spoke the most beautiful of all poems, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour."

We sat on the terrace of the luxurious King David hotel, looking across the Cedron valley at the tawny walls of the old city of Jerusalem—Jerusalem, whose beginnings are lost in the mists of antiquity; Jerusalem razed by the onslaughts of Egyptians, Syrians, Persians, Romans, Turks, and Saracens. She still stands there defiantly, rambling over a rocky mountaintop, 2,200 feet above sea level. Within those walls, in an area of less than four square miles, was enacted the drama which marked a turning point in the history of mankind. We fell silent, and our

hearts beat with eagerness and awe. Here we were, Christian pilgrims, from a land unheard of in the time of Christ, come to add our homage to that of hundreds of thousands of others down the ages from all corners of the earth.

We entered by the Damascus gate, so often mentioned in the Bible. Having read in an Israel guidebook that "the moment one passes the gate, squalor and misery surround one," we were surprised and pleased at the cleanliness of the narrow, crooked streets. No market place is easy to keep clean, yet this one, teeming with people, had only a primitive drainage system, but appeared constantly swept.

Starting at the Presidium, the Roman court where Christ was put through the mockery of a trial, scourged and crowned with thorns, you pass under the Ecce Homo arch, where Pontius Pilate showed Him to the people. The first ten Stations are carved on stones in walls along the busy bazaar.

The shoving, shouting, hawking, bargaining citizens are wearing the same dress, speaking the same language, they did at the time of the Passion. It was through such a crowd that He struggled with His heavy cross, and only a few turned to jeer or curse Him for obstructing them on their way to prepare for the Passover. Perhaps His Mother shrank in this very doorway at the sound of the blows or the thud of the cross; perhaps Veronica waited



here to wipe His face with her veil; and here at this particularly steep bend in the road He surely must have fallen.

The last four stations are inside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The basilica is divided into three chapels, the Greek, the Armenian, and the Latin, or Roman Catholic. You mount a dozen straight-up steps to Calvary, where in the center of a chapel, a silver disc marks the spot of the crucifixion. On each side, black discs show where the crosses of the thieves were supposed to have been placed. At the right is clearly visible the mighty rent made in the rock by the earthquake.

Close by is a statue of Our Lady of Sorrows, the sword piercing her heart, to mark the spot where the weeping Mother received the lifeless Body of her Son into her arms. All of us promised ourselves to return here alone in the early hours of the morning or the tranquil hours of the evening, to relate these realities to our old beliefs.

After lunch we walked up the fine new road to the Garden of Gethsemane, where already violets and passion flowers were in bloom. We sat under the 3,000-year-old olive trees, which sheltered Him in His agony, and gazed back over the Cedron valley at the Golden gate of the city through which He passed amidst Hosannahs on Palm Sunday.

Five or six days of well-planned

sightseeing is just enough to see all the places held in memory from our early school days: the Church of St. Anne, built over the place of the Immaculate Conception, with the garden near by, where Mary played as a child; the Cenacle, scene of the Last Supper, the descent of the Holy Ghost, and the appearance of our Lord to the Apostles after the Resurrection; and the Church of the Ascension.

On Mt. Moriah, inside the city walls, stood the most fabulous edifice of all time, the Temple of Solomon, the glistening white marble and shining gold columns of which could be seen 30 miles away at Hebron. It was destroyed once and for all in the year 70 A.D. Thousands of years ago, on this spot, Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son at God's command. For generations, the Holy of Holies contained the Ark of the Covenant and the Old Law. Here Mary was presented by Anne, and the ancient priest Simeon told the little girl, "A sword of sorrow shall pierce thy heart." Here Joseph and Mary found their Son at the age of 12 teaching in the temple. Now, where the temple once stood is the magnificent Mosque of Omar, the place most holy, next to Mecca, for all Moslems.

We went by car from Jerusalem to Jericho, where the priests of Josue blew their trumpets until the walls fell down. The Dead sea is 1,100 feet below sea level. We tast-



ed its acrid, oily water, in which no living thing can exist. It is said to be still full of brimstone and sulphur from the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. On the way back, we crossed the River Jordan. The guide pointed out the place of the Baptism from a Bailey bridge put up by General Allenby's troops.

On the way to Beirut, we stopped at Byblos, the oldest walled town in the world. People have lived there for 6,000 years. Standing in the stiff breeze atop the Crusaders' castle, we looked down on the ruins of Egyptian, Phoenician, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, and Turkish civilizations. Here the letters of the first alphabet were found on an ancient sarcophagus. From the air, our parting sight of Beirut was the great white statue of Our Lady of Lebanon, high on a hilltop.

That was almost the end of the pilgrimage. Only one place was left to see, Egypt, where the Holy Family found refuge from persecution.

There, in Cairo, we found the Church of the Flight into Egypt. Beside it is the same sycamore tree, tradition says, under which the Holy Family rested. Once here, like all tourists, we went to see the Sphinx, the Pyramids, and the National museum, full of Tutankhamen treasures. A new Conrad Hilton hotel is in the beginning stage, and the famous Sheppard's hotel, destroyed by fire a few years ago, is being rebuilt. In the Ding-Dong bazaar, across from the Heliopolis Palace hotel, the owner told us proudly that General Eisenhower had visited his shop in 1943.

Egypt is making preparations to welcome American travelers, especially Marian Year pilgrims. "You know," said Dr. Mohyi El Din El Shazli, the enthusiastic young director of tourism, "we Moslems have a real reverence for the blessed Mother. We are proud that Egypt was the country which gave shelter to her and her Son 2,000 years ago."

## BOOKS

## SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. *Cocoa*, by Margaret G. Otto (Holt, \$2.)

Intermediate—9 to 12. *Babe Ruth*, by Guernsey Van Riper, Jr. (Bobbs Merrill, \$1.75).

Boys—12 to 16. *The Adventures of Ramon of Bolivia*, by Albert J. Nevins (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. *Home Is Where the Heart Is*, by Mildred Mastin Pace (Whittlesey, \$2.50).

Knowledge Builders. *Animals Under the Rainbow*, by Aloysius Roche (Sheed & Ward, \$3).



## How to Spot Red Propaganda

*Arsenic for the mind bears no poison label*

By FRED DEARMOND and JOHN S. KETCHUM

Condensed from the *National Republic*\*

PROPAGANDA promoting the Communist party line appears in many guises. How can you recognize it? What are its earmarks? It's poison for our country. But many U.S. journalists and readers swallow it regularly. Generally, if what you read or hear falls under any of the following categories, you would be wise to treat it as you would a bottle bearing the skull and bones of the poison label.

1. *The Counteroffensive for Soviet Russia.* Charge your opponent with the suppression of all free thinking in Russia and he starts talking about an American newspaper refusing to print his letter to the editor. Against the millions slaughtered in the communist states, he will ask you to balance his version of the Sacco-Vanzetti case in America.

2. *The "Best Way to Combat Communism" Line.* Let us suppose you were discussing a serious outbreak of crime in your community with a man who said, "Now, let's don't worry about that, brother.

The best way to combat crime is for every man to get right himself. Do that and all will be well." That is the argument that has taken in a lot of "liberals": communism will be scotched if we only end man's inhumanity to man. But communism does not aim at reform, but at conquest. No mere economic changes will ever satisfy the communist agitators. They seek power.

3. *Racial Agitation.* The Red game is to keep up a continual needling of minorities to make them feel oppressed. Anti-Semitism crops up sporadically in the U.S., but its principal growth is in the minds of people who have a hatchet to sharpen. The more farseeing Jewish leaders have warned their people repeatedly that anti-Semitism is a thing made worse, not better, by constantly talking about it. The communists and fellow travelers talk about it for a purpose: to aggravate, not mitigate, the evil. They gain power only in the midst of confusion.

4. *The "Civil Liberties-Freedom*

\*511 11th St. N.W., Washington 4, D. C. December, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the National Republic Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

of *Expression*" Line. There is an almost comical irony in Reds groaning that their freedom is being taken away. Wherever they are in authority, freedom goes into the ash can. This, of course, is no reason for denying essential freedoms to anyone in America. But where have they been denied?

Most of the howling comes from those who have been investigated by legislative committees. Just now the air is rent with wailing over "academic freedom." Pink professors bemoan "inquisitorial procedures," "boycotting of the creative mind," "a philosophy of fear," and "insulting loyalty oaths." "Teachers are fighting for their lives," a New York university professor declaims. All this because some teachers have been asked to answer the question, "Are you now or have you been a member of the Communist party?"

American "liberals" have been notoriously inconsistent in their stand on civil rights. Today they are all for upholding the dissenters. Ten years ago the "line" went the other way. Then they wanted to silence everyone who publicly objected to fighting alongside our Soviet ally. In those days they applauded the indictment for "sedition" (never proven) of 28 writers, publishers, lawyers, and others who had disagreed with the prevailing sentiment for war.

When other congressional committees a few years ago were inves-

### *Subterfuge*

AN American engineer was being shown through the Moscow subway by his official Red guide.

"This is a very well-designed subway," he said, "but why aren't there any trains running?"

The Russian stopped, thought a minute, and then answered, "What about the lynchings in your South?"

*Weekly Progress* (18 Dec. '53).

tigating business, these bleeding hearts were silent on the issue of civil rights. The La Follette committee's investigation into "free speech and the rights of labor" also summoned many witnesses and toasted them on the gridiron for days at a stretch. The Black committee invaded business offices and stripped files merrily. Senator (now Justice) Hugo Black was quite as relentless a questioner as Senator McCarthy. But we heard no agonized cries of "La Folletteism" or "Blackism" from the Left. Nothing about "snoopers," no skinning of "business-baiters," no dead cats hurled at "witch hunters."

5. *The "Founding Fathers-Democracy" Line.* Before 1935, a communist was a communist, and not a man with a "social conscience." He provided himself with a soapbox and preached revolution. But in that year the Communist International decided to go modern, shave off its whiskers, and dress

up as a "liberal." Since then the American communists and their fellow travelers have studied salesmanship and the art of camouflage to great advantage.

They didn't disavow Marx or Stalin as their patron saints. But they started talking "in the spirit of the American Declaration of Independence." They tried with many disarming phrases to establish roots that went back to Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln. Lest the comrades themselves be alarmed Earl Browder had to tell them that *democracy* was only a "transitional slogan."

During the war of 1941-45 the Communist party in the U.S. cuddled up closely to Americans. It changed its name to the Communist Political association and adopted a new constitution, providing for the expulsion of any member who should seek to "subvert, undermine, weaken, or overthrow any or all institutions of American democracy." This was at a time when the Soviet motherland was in great danger, with the German tiger at her throat, and the U.S. was the last hope to save her. The crisis was barely passed before the U.S. Reds changed back from brotherly love to cold war.

6. *Phony "Peace."* To understand "peace" in the commies' vocabulary calls for a redefinition of the word. It means the kind of peace a shrewish woman has in mind when she reaches for a red-hot poker and

yells at her husband, "Don't you dare strike me, you brute."

But *peace* is a good word, like *home* and *mother*, and most of us want to believe its promise. In sweet phrases, we are asked to reconcile ourselves to "peaceful coexistence," while the Kremlin masters pull the strings in Korea, Malaya, Berlin, and other hot spots. Certainly we can have "peace" on communist terms, but those terms are "unconditional surrender."

7. *Wave-of-the-Future.* The Socialists and their brothers, the communists, have a whole repertory of slogans to prove that the very stars in their courses fight for their cause. The processes of a constitutional republic are "horse-and-buggy stuff." We are told that "you can't stand in the way of progress," that "reactionaries want to turn the clock back," and that this or that reform is coming "inevitably" and can't be stopped.

All faithful Communist party adherents believe devoutly that revolution must come by "historical necessity."

But no form of collectivism is inevitable. This is like saying, "Nothing succeeds like success." It begs the whole question.

These are the main come-ons. Other Trojan-horse devices may be recognized in the favorite clichés that the fellow travelers use in writing and speaking. They include the words and phrases *orientate*, *directive*, *bourgeois formalism* (defined

by Louis Fischer as excessive loyalty to facts instead of hopes), *activist*, *deviationist* (a commie who fails to dot all his *i*'s) and *vanguard* (for those who are in the forefront of the ideological battle).

When a devout communist sympathizer wants to hang a verbal haymaker on an adversary, he calls him *chauvinist*. The word is enunciated with a hiss. It places the subject intellectually somewhere below the Cro-Magnon subman.

A noun that you'll find in the dictionary, but which is scarcely ever used except in Red circles, is *solidarity*. One witness before a congressional committee testified that part of the Communist party

dues are set aside for "international solidarity." Those who oppose this celestial state with headquarters in Moscow are said to be afflicted with *chauvinist nationalism*.

Then we have such earmarked terms as *the democratic discipline*, *the toiling masses*, *stooge* (applied to a witness who answers questions put by a Velde or a McCarthy; synonyms include *Judas*, *snooper*, *petty bourgeois*, and *fascist*—for anyone right of center).

When you read or hear these terms check for one or more of the seven forms of the communist line. You will know on finding one that you are the target of Red propaganda.



## How Your Church Can Raise Money

A REPRESENTATIVE of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST talked to the pastor of St. Stephen's church, who in turn talked to me. I am scoutmaster of the Boy Scout troop of the parish.

A few Sundays later, we received 1,000 copies of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST with a band around each copy designating it "Your 'Get Acquainted' Copy." Some of the copies were put in pews and others were held by Boy Scouts at every exit. A short announcement was made that the people could take their copies from the pews or get one outside.

Everybody was astounded to discover that over 800 copies were bought and paid for, and I was gratified as were the Boy Scouts to learn that we had added \$50 to our treasury. We anticipate that we will add that \$50 month after month, and besides adding to the treasury, we are conscious that we are adding to the religious and cultural well-being of our parish by being instrumental in getting copies of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST into so many homes.

Pat White.

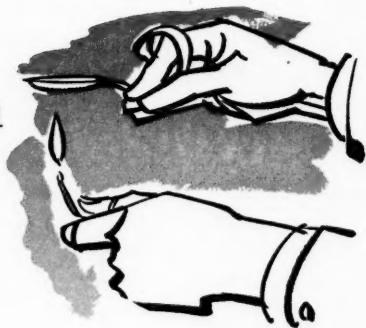
*Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.*

# Solving the Narcotics Problem

*A prison chaplain says that clinics for addicts would deter more crime than criminal prosecution does*

By TED LeBERTHON

Condensed from the  
*Central California Register\**



PUBLIC CLINICS for drug addicts would avert large-scale crime, according to Father Lawrence Farrell, chaplain at the California State prison at Soledad. At such clinics, drug addicts could be administered daily doses of morphine by licensed physicians. This procedure, says Father Farrell, would go far toward not only stopping crime by addicts themselves, but breaking up the illegal billion-dollar narcotics racket.

"I have talked with numerous narcotic users and 'pushers' (peddlers) in the prison here," he said. "Now I'm convinced an unrealistic approach to the problem, by the federal government, police officials, and most of the medical profession has been the primary cause of ever-increasing drug addiction. Having studied so many cases, and having done much research, I'm convinced it is not the drug which drives addicts to crime. It is, rather, the need for it.

"My suggestion that city and

county narcotics clinics be established is not new. Such clinics were established in cities in 15 states during 1919 and 1920, and the results were promising, to say the least. In 1921, the federal government arbitrarily forced practically all of them to close. This was done because of a purely advisory leaflet containing recommendations by four physicians, constituting a committee of the American Medical association. The leaflet said that drug addicts ought to be confined during treatment.

"Many physicians just as reputable, and also members of the AMA, strongly disagreed with the AMA committee. Moreover, Congress at no time ever authorized closing those clinics. It was a bureaucratic move, and it has had large-scale tragic results."

Closing the clinics, and the new conception of all drug addicts as criminals instead of sick men and women, marked the beginning, Fa-

\*P. O. Box 1126, Fresno, Calif. Dec. 25, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Central California Register, and reprinted with permission.

ther Farrell says, of alarming year-to-year increases in illegal narcotics traffic, major crime, and teen-age addiction.

"Many men and women," he said, "while under care of private physicians, had been holding jobs while they were addicts. Many of them were financially unable to pay for private sanitarium care, and did not want to be forced into public hospitals and thus out of their jobs. Many, in despair, took to paying high prices to illegal dealers in narcotics. When their funds ran out, they became peddlers themselves, to assure their own supply.

"Most of those persons sank so low as to make addicts out of teenagers, yet they had never committed a crime of any kind when they were either in the care of private physicians or getting their dosage at clinics."

Father Farrell thinks the reestablishment of such clinics would take colossal profits away from dope rings and vastly reduce major crime. "Today," he said, "a drug addict must spend from \$10 to \$70 a day for narcotics worth, on the retail market, from 10¢ to 70¢. Big drug racketeers have been caught and sent to prison. They reveal having 'cut' \$10 worth of heroin, which they sold for sums totaling from \$1,000 to as high, in one instance, as \$80,000."

Even unethical doctors are participating in the frightful narcotics racket. Newspapers recently report-

ed the suicide of a Salinas physician while he awaited trial on a charge of selling morphine tablets (which had cost him 5¢ each) for from \$5 to \$100 apiece.

Father Farrell has little faith in the prospect of complete cure for most addicts, and says Federal Bureau of Narcotics officials agree with him. Moreover, he cites reports from European nations where narcotics clinics have long been established. The figures show it is not necessary that addicts be completely cured. Many men and women live 20 to 40 years as addicts.

The European clinics do attempt complete cures. They give psychiatric and medical care, and in most cases gradually taper off dosages. But it has been found that many people require some dosage until the day they die. At those clinics, maintained by most European nations, the patients are registered by law. Their cases are studied by doctors, who have thus learned much which enables them to cope better with the entire problem.

"This approach," Father Farrell said, "will reduce the number of addicts and remove their incentive to recruit new addicts. It will remove the need some feel to steal money for illegal purchase of narcotics. It will make drugs and treatment available gratis or inexpensively to addicts who cannot afford to buy narcotics illicitly." Father Farrell believes that only a minority of such clinic patients would



attempt to procure additional narcotics illicitly or become dealers.

"Illegal traffickers still could be prosecuted," he said, "and they should receive maximum prison sentences, especially those higher-ups who are not themselves addicts. And the man, woman or youngster who illicitly secures dope in addition to that given at the clinic could still be placed in a federal or state hospital for drug addicts."

A notion prevails that all addicts are "fiends" who should simply be exterminated for the good of society. Such an attitude is not only un-Christian but more in keeping with a communist or nazi outlook, according to the priest. It is merely one aspect of "mercy killing," so abhorrent to Christian teaching and tradition.

"Addicts," the prison chaplain said, "are not always or even most often underworld characters, especially at the beginning of addiction. Among adult women, most are housewives. Some doctors and nurses are addicts. But drug users include respectable businessmen, lawyers, artists, politicians, workmen; in fact, all kinds of human beings. Most of them wish they had never contracted the habit. Many others are foolish, frustrated, thrill-seeking kids who can be rescued before they sink into the underworld."

Some persons first develop an addiction after being in a hospital for a long time, during which pain-

relieving sedatives were given. This is most often true of patients who undergo involved bone and wound surgery following automobile accidents.

"Physicians may still lawfully care for such persons privately and, by intelligently tapering off dosages, prevent addiction," Father Farrell explained. "It is the person who has begun to use narcotics unlawfully, and who may become a pusher, who needs a public clinic to go to."

Estimates of the percentage of cures of drug addicts at the two federal hospitals, one at Lexington, Ky., the other at Ft. Worth, Tex., range from 3% to 15%, and in Father Farrell's opinion are "pure guess work, it being so difficult to keep track of many patients after they leave." It costs Uncle Sam \$3 million a year to run the two hospitals. Federal enforcement alone of narcotics laws costs another \$3 million a year. Vastly greater sums must be spent for the operation of state and county institutions for drug addicts, and for law enforcement by state, county, and city police narcotics divisions.

At the clinics suggested, addicts who could pay could materially assist in the financial cost according to their individual circumstances. Some could pay as little as 25¢ a day. The unemployed could be treated gratis until they got jobs.

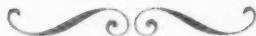
The best way to run a clinic, the priest said, was advanced by Alden Stevens in an article *Make Dope*

*Legal* that appeared in the November, 1952, issue of *Harper's Magazine*.

"Stevens pointed out that Congress need pass no law to reopen these clinics and make them nationwide, but would, of course, have to appropriate sufficient money. I think state, county, and city governments should in time be willing to share the expense.

"Stevens suggests that each addict registering be given a thorough examination to determine degree of addiction. Each registrant would be photographed and fingerprinted as a patient of one certain clinic, and identifications sent to the FBI, other law enforcement bodies, and all

other clinics. This would prevent registry at another clinic under another name. The addict would present his or her card, containing photo and fingerprints, at the clinic daily. The smallest possible dosage to keep an addict reasonably free from 'nightmarish withdrawal symptoms' would be administered at the clinic daily. No drugs would be given the addict to carry away. Counsel of priests, ministers, and rabbis; psychiatric care; and social case work covering personal, home, and job problems would be joined to the medical program. Thus, all would work toward social rehabilitation and, where at all possible, complete cure."



### *Lincoln Meets the Presidents*

**R**OBERT LINCOLN, son of Abraham Lincoln, was in the army when his father was President. A few hours before his father's assassination, the young man received orders to report to Washington. He arrived late in the evening and was informed that his parents had gone to Ford's theater. On entering the building, he met a group of men carrying out their President.

Years later, during President Garfield's administration, Robert Lincoln became Secretary of War. The President requested that he accompany him on a trip to Elberston, N. J.; but urgent business necessitated Lincoln's remaining in Washington. At train time he hurried to the depot to inform his chief of the fact. When he approached the door of the building, he met a group of men carrying their fatally wounded President, a victim of the assassin Charles J. Guiteau.

Twenty years passed. Robert Lincoln, ever mindful of tragedy stalking his footsteps, received another invitation. President McKinley requested the pleasure of his company at the Pan American exposition.

With grave misgivings, Lincoln accepted. At the door of the building, he met a group of men carrying President McKinley, a victim of assassin Leon Czolgosz!

Howard Harris in *Pen Magazine* (June '52).

# The Secret of Things Alive

*The scientists are searching for it but seem to be looking in the wrong place*

By LOREN C. EISELEY

Condensed from *Harper's Magazine*\*

I AM middle-aged now, but on fall days I put on my hat and an old jacket, and start a search. I go through an unkempt field full of brown stalks and emptied seed pods.

Soon I am carrying all manner of seeds hooked in my coat or shoestrings or piercing my socks. I let them ride. It is obvious that nature has intentions for them beyond this field and has made plans for them to travel with me.

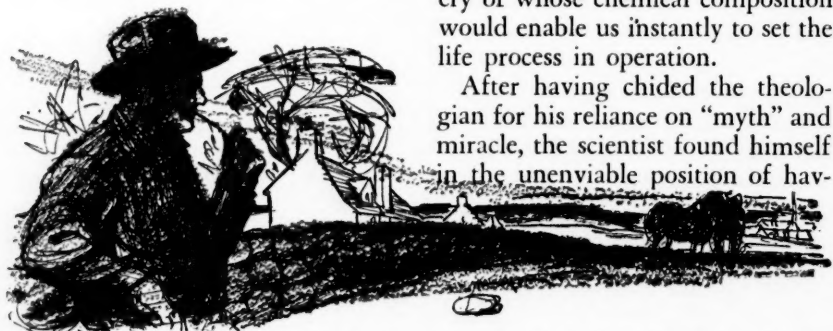
We, the seeds and I, climb a wall together and sit down to rest, while I consider the best way to search for the secret of life.

Darwin once spoke hopefully of the possibility that life had emerged from inorganic matter in some

"warm little pond." From that day to this, biologists have poured, analyzed, minced, and shredded protoplasm in a fruitless attempt to create life from nonliving matter. It seemed inevitable, if men could trace life down through simpler and simpler stages, that they must finally arrive at the mysterious borderline that bounds the inanimate. It seemed clear that life must be a material manifestation.

A hundred years ago some men spoke optimistically about solving the secret. But since then the mystery heightened because it became plain that even the supposedly simple amoeba was already a complex, self-operating chemical factory. He was not a simple blob, the discovery of whose chemical composition would enable us instantly to set the life process in operation.

After having chided the theologian for his reliance on "myth" and miracle, the scientist found himself in the unenviable position of hav-



\*49 E. 33rd St., New York City 16, October, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Harper & Bros., and reprinted with permission.

ing to create a mythology of his own: namely, the assumption that what could not be proved to take place today had, in truth, taken place in the primeval past.

Materialists could have only two possible explanations of life. One of these was that life did not arise on this planet, but was wafted here through the depths of space. Microscopic spores, it was contended, have great resistance to extremes of cold and might have come into our atmosphere with meteoric dust, or have been driven across the earth's orbit by light pressure. In this view, once the seed was "planted" in soil congenial to its development, it then proceeded to elaborate, evolve, and adjust until the higher organisms had emerged.

This theory explains nothing, even if it should be proved true. It simply removes the problem one stage. And it is the now widely accepted view that the entire universe in its present state is limited in time. This limit and the lethal nature of unscreened solar radiation lessen the likelihood that life has come to us across the infinite wastes of space. Materialists are forced back on the second notion: life has arisen from matter already in the world.

Where are we to search for the link between living and "dead" matter? Many scientists are now fascinated by the crystalline viruses, and have turned the electron microscope upon strange molecular

"beings" never previously seen by man. Some are satisfied with this glimpse below the cell and find the virus a halfway station on the road to life.

But I have come to suspect that this long descent down the ladder of life, beautiful and instructive though it may be, will not lead us to the final secret. In fact, I have ceased to believe in the final brew or the ultimate chemical. I would not speak ill of scientific effort, for in simple truth I would not be alive today except for the microscopes and the blue steel. But even if the secret is contained in an ultimate virus or crystal or protein particle I do not think it will yield to the kind of analysis our science is capable of making.

Sensations are yours, but you do not have—and this is one of the great mysteries—complete power over your body. You cannot describe how the body you inhabit functions; nor picture nor control the flights and spinings, the dance of the molecules that compose it; nor why they chose to dance into that particular pattern which is you. Follow them as you will, pursue them until they become nameless protein crystals replicating on the verge of life. Pass backward until you hang in the hydrogen cloud from which the sun was born. The cloud will still veil the secret.

Every so often one encounters articles in magazines with titles such as *The Spark of Life*, *The*

*Secret of Life, New Hormone Key to Life*, or other proclamations. Only yesterday, for example, I discovered in the *New York Times* a headline announcing: "Scientist Predicts Creation of Life in Laboratory." The Moscow-dated dispatch announced that Academician Olga Lepeshinskaya had predicted that "in the not too distant future, Soviet scientists would create life." "The time is not far off," warns the formidable Madame Olga, "when we shall be able to obtain the vital substance artificially." She said it with such vigor that I had about the same reaction as I do to announcements about atomic bombs. In fact, I half started up to latch the door before an invading tide of Russian protoplasm flowed in upon me.

What finally enabled me to regain my shaken confidence was the recollection that these pronouncements have been going on for well over a century. Just now the Russian scientists show a particular tendency to issue such blasts, committed politically, as they are, to an uncompromising materialism. American versions are more likely to fall into another pattern. Some one has found a new chemical, vitamin, or similar necessary ingredient without which life will not flourish. By the time this reaches the more sensational press it may have become the "secret of life." The only thing the inexperienced reader may not comprehend is the

fact that no one of these items, even the most recently discovered, is *the* secret.

Some day we may be able to say with assurance, "We came from such and such a protein particle, possessing the powers of organizing in a manner leading under certain circumstances to that complex entity known as the cell, and from the cell by various steps onward, to multiple cell formation." But this is not the answer to the seeds still clinging tenaciously to my coat, nor to this field, nor to the subtle essences of memory, delight, and wistfulness moving among the thin wires of my brain.

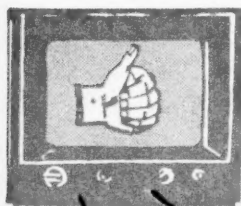
I suppose that in the 45 years of my existence every atom, every molecule that composes me has changed its position or danced away and beyond to become part of other things. But my memories hold, and the loved face of 20 years ago is before me still. My memory holds the past and yet paradoxically knows, at the same time, that the past is gone and will never come again. It cherishes dead faces and silenced voices, yes, and lost evenings of childhood. In some odd, nonspatial way it contains houses and rooms that have been torn timber from timber and brick from brick. These have a greater permanence in me, that dance of molecules which contains them, than ever they had in themselves. It is for this reason that Academician Olga Lepeshinskaya does not compel my belief.

If the day comes when the slime of the laboratory for the first time crawls under man's direction, I intend to put on my old hat and climb over the wall as usual. I shall see strange mechanisms lying as they lie here now, in the autumn rain, straws—strange pipes that transported the substance of life—and the intricate seed cases out of which the life has flown.

There will be the thin, blue skeleton of a hare tumbled in a little heap, and I will marvel, as I marvel now, at the wonderful correlation of parts, the perfect adaptation to purpose, the individually vanished and yet persisting pattern which is now hopping on some other hill. I will wonder, as always, in what

manner "particles" pursue such devious plans and symmetries. I will ask once more in what way it is managed, that the simple dust takes on a history and begins to weave these unique and never recurring apparitions in the stream of time. I shall wonder what strange forces at the heart of matter regulate the tiny beating of a rabbit's heart.

It is said by men who know about these things that the smallest living cell probably contains more than a quarter of a million protein molecules engaged in the coordinated activities which make up the phenomenon of life. At the instant of death, whether to man or microbe, that ordered, incredible spinning passes away in an almost furi-



## *The Golden Dozen*



You are the judge of television. What you like is what producers will produce, what sponsors will sponsor. They want to know what you like. Public preference for a show is an order for it to continue.

You are like the audience in the Roman amphitheater in pagan times. A gladiator would live if the people held their thumbs up. So will a television show.

*For your ballot, please turn this page.*



ous haste of those same particles to get themselves back into the earth.

It must be plain even to the most devoted materialist, that the matter of which he speaks contains

amazing, if not dreadful powers, and may not impossibly be, as Hardy said, "but one mask of many worn by the Great Face behind."

## *The Golden Dozen*

In ballots cast between Dec. 15 and Jan. 15, "Toast of the Town" replaced "Dragnet" in third place, while "Our Miss Brooks" shot up from 12th to fifth place. Coming back to the Golden Dozen after a month's absence are "Liberace" and "Studio One." They replace "Letter to Loretta" and "Show of Shows." Here are your choices, listed in the order of their popularity.

- |                         |                            |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Life Is Worth Living | 7. Jackie Gleason          |
| 2. I Love Lucy          | 8. Godfrey and His Friends |
| 3. Toast of the Town    | 9. You Bet Your Life       |
| 4. Dragnet              | 10. What's My Line?        |
| 5. Our Miss Brooks      | 11. Liberace               |
| 6. I Remember Mama      | 12. Studio One             |

Thumbs up on which shows? Simply indicate in the column below (or use a post card) the television shows you like. Mail your vote to THE GOLDEN DOZEN editor, CATHOLIC DIGEST, 41 E. 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minn.

Pick your favorites of all the shows you see on television. You are not restricted to the Golden Dozen list above.

Perhaps you only really like one, or two or three shows. Then vote for only those, and leave the other spaces blank. Vote every month if you like. Be sure to specify the name of each show.

It's very important that you vote, because television is here to stay and we ought to help it improve. You will if you vote.

These are the television shows I like:

- |          |           |
|----------|-----------|
| 1. _____ | 7. _____  |
| 2. _____ | 8. _____  |
| 3. _____ | 9. _____  |
| 4. _____ | 10. _____ |
| 5. _____ | 11. _____ |
| 6. _____ | 12. _____ |



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# Catholic Digest Reader

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"I had an officer, a Baptist from Tennessee, start instructions last week. He says that he learned more about the Catholic religion from the CATHOLIC DIGEST READER than from anything else he had read."

Chaplain P. W. Coates, USN

"The wide variety of subject matter and the sincerity of the writers provide materials of interest to almost any reader."

Columbia (S. C.) Journal

"The CATHOLIC DIGEST READER reflects what can be accomplished when God is brought into every phase of our democratic life: science, the social order, industry, race relations, and particularly education. The knowledge and inspiration of this book should be of great value to those who dare to be Christ-bearers in these critical times."

Father James Keller

"A guided tour through the Church as it lives and works today. A spiritual sustenance to readers of any faith."

Washington (D. C.) Star

## The Golden Thread of Catholic Thought

Do you have about 200 back copies of the Catholic Digest? If so, you could compile this anthology of the best articles on religion that have appeared in books and magazines during more than 15 years. It would be an immense task, and you wouldn't have the time to do it.

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## SOW FOR THE HARVEST...

... By sending **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST** to a friend. Miss Mary Louise Brown of Springfield, Ill., writes:

"In one home on my gift list, another magazine formerly held the interest of the couple living there; each would try to grab the current issue and hide it until it had been read from cover to cover. With introduction of **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**, the snatching and

hiding continues; now it's **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST** that they both want to read first at the same time, and the other magazine takes second place. One of them is a non-Catholic and the other only a 'half-Catholic,' in fact, at each address on my gift list there is a potential convert living."

... By sending **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST** to a boy in the service. Marine PFC Robert T. Kunz of Camp Lejeune, N.C., writes:

"**THE CATHOLIC DIGEST** is the most wonderful Catholic magazine out today. It has helped me to know more about the Church and the everyday people all over the world. I pass it along to other fellows who are not Catholic, and they thank me for letting them read it. I wish everybody could read **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**, Catholic and non-Catholic alike."

... By sending **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST** to a missionary. (We can supply names and addresses—many of them). Mr. Mac Hull of San Francisco, Calif., writes:

"I correspond with a Religious in India. Brother Peter Lourdes, of the Sacred Heart College of Shillong in Assam, tells of efforts to fight bad reading matter which finds its way into the hands of literate Indians. He places copies of good magazines, including **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**, in conspicuous places, such as doctors' shops, and into the hands of his children, as prizes for excellence in sports and other games. Thus, some Indian homes are being blessed, some probably for the first time, with the story of Christ."